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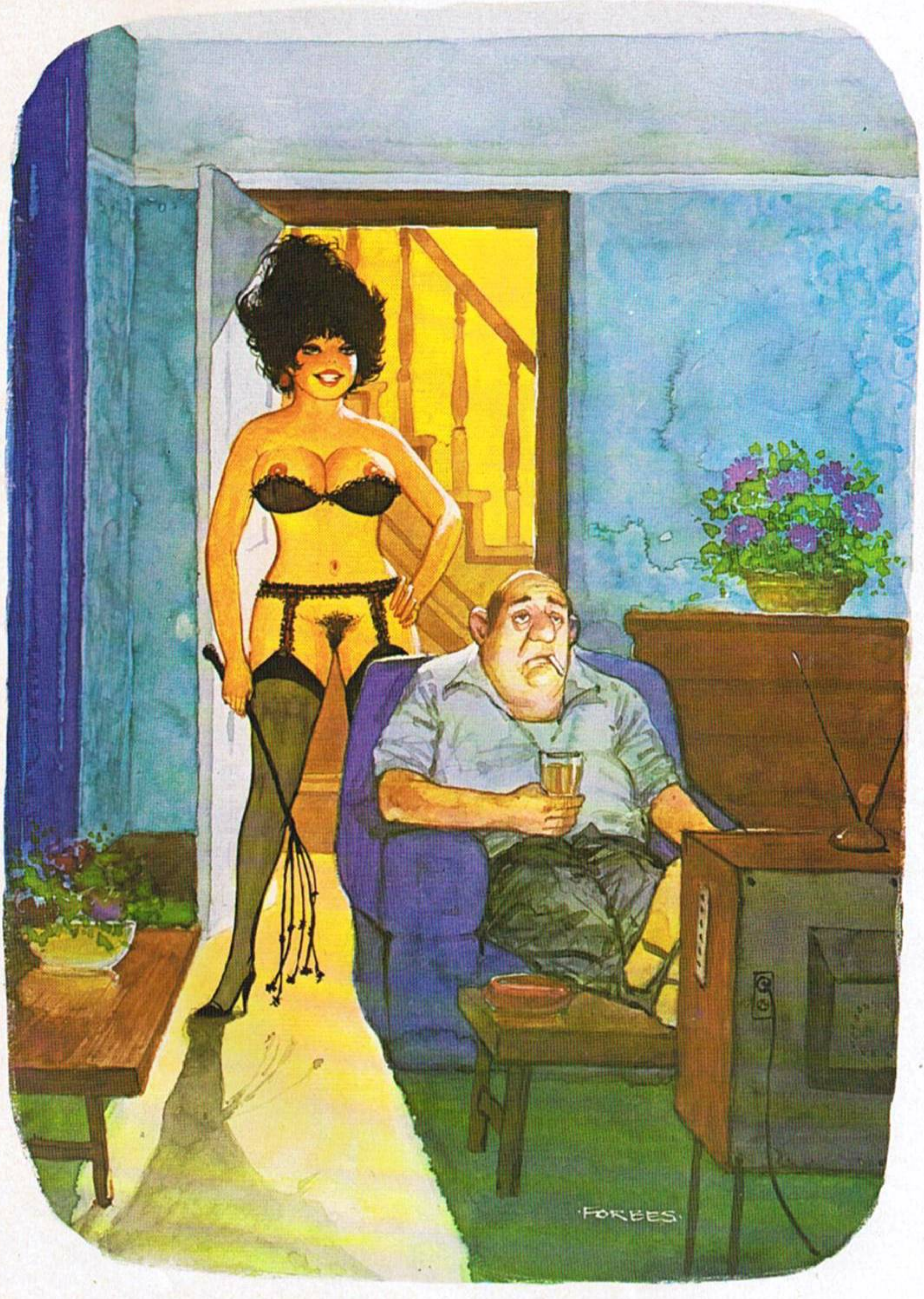
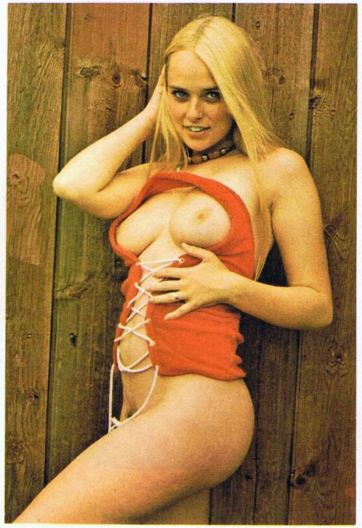


'You're always grumbling about the same old sport on telly, Harry, well, I've got . . .'

JANET



There are said to be two books every woman has read. One is *Jane Eyre* and the other is *Rebecca* by Daphne du Maurier. Twenty-year-old Janet Speight would be the first to agree. 'I'm a reading freak,' she says with the lilt of her native Hampshire. 'I've read *Jane Eyre* at least four times and I was glued to the telly when *Rebecca* was serialised recently.' It's not surprising then that Janet works in a book shop.

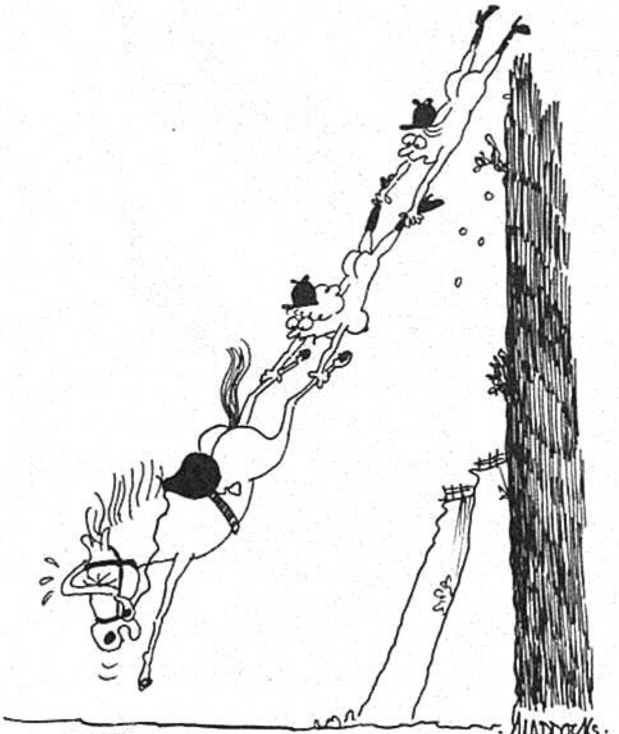
'We're very small and friendly but we don't specialise,' says 35–23–35 inch Janet. 'The owner simply stocks what appeals to him and it seems to work very well.' She admits she lives a lot in her own imagination. 'I'm not shy but I do like to spend time on my own. It can make things a bit awkward with boyfriends. They assume I'm off gallivanting.' More likely she's striding over the South Downs, creating stories she hopes one day to write down. 'They're all terribly romantic,' she grins. 'My heroes all tend to be like Mr Rochester and Maxim de Winter rolled into one – with a dash of Heathcliffe, but they'll come right one day!'

Some extremes of horse and rider.

EXCITEMENT IS MOUNTING

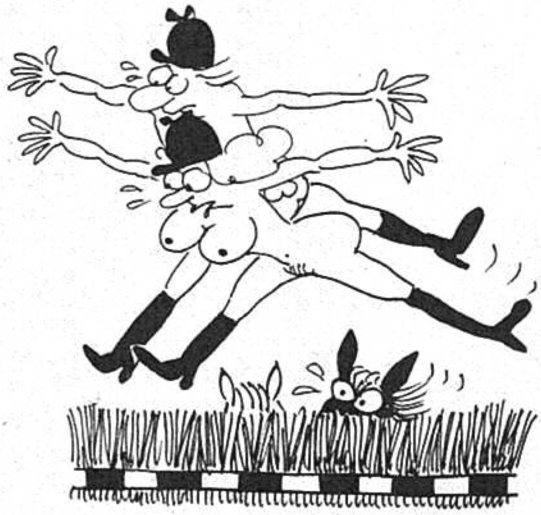
With more and more people taking to the saddle, our racy cartoonist Peter Maddocks has been busy interpreting some equestrian jargon

Balancing exercises.

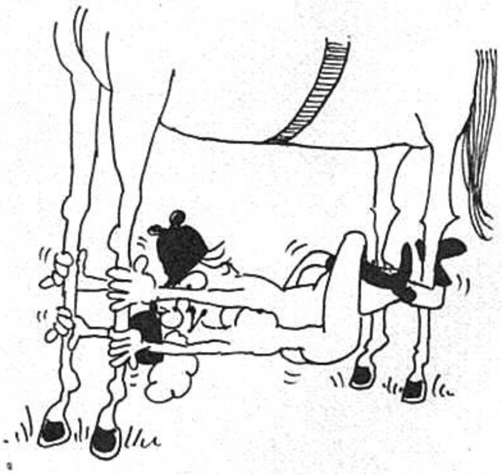


Water jumping.

Simple handling.



Spread jumps.



Lower leg positions.

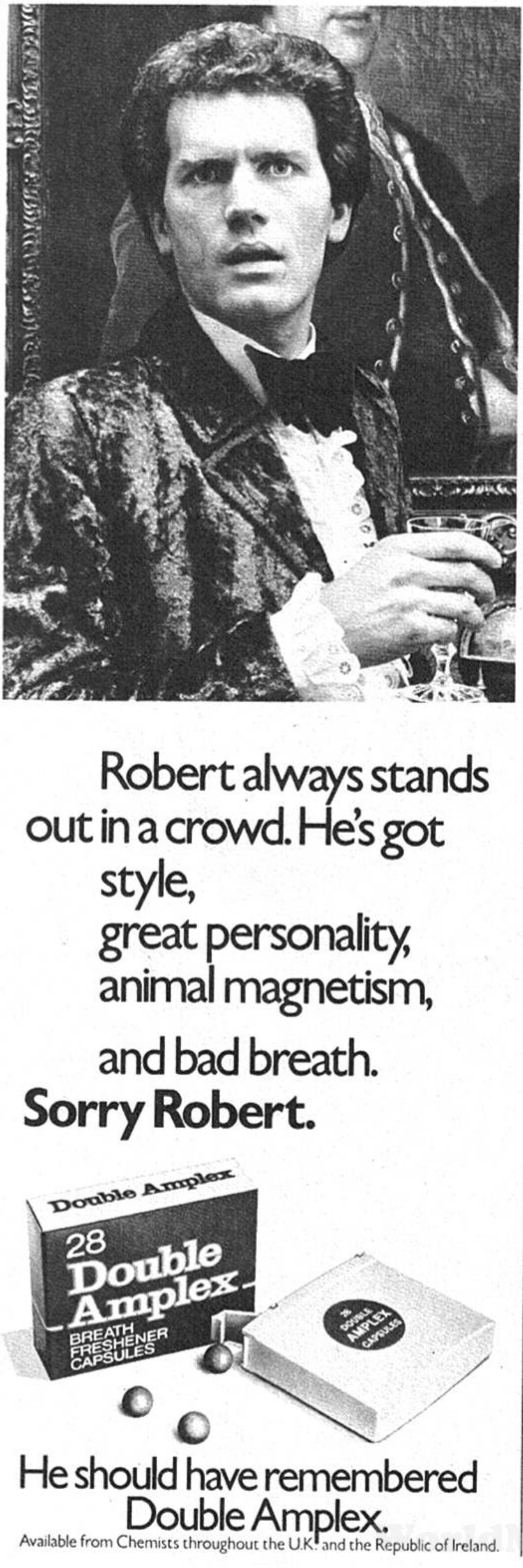
International techniques.

Slides and inclines.

On the lunge.

Positions in the saddle.

A turn on the hindquarters.



Robert always stands out in a crowd. He's got style, great personality, animal magnetism,

and bad breath.

Sorry Robert.

He should have remembered Double Amplex.

Available from Chemists throughout the U.K. and the Republic of Ireland.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

♡♡♡♡ **Candido Erotico (X), 1 hr 35 mins. Under coloured strobes, two nude girls one black, one white, grope each other enthusiastically while a glamorous female photographer snaps away; on a cabaret stage the butch hero, executing a pas de deux to music by Mussorgsky, straddles his topless partner, rips aside her G-string and his pouch and begins to couple energetically. Later, hired by the well-endowed photographer, he mounts her in her own bedroom, viewed by her voyeuristic and naked husband who soon joins in. This is softcore cinema, Italian-style: in other words, female and male nudity are allowable but only female pubes are visible; there is much talk of female 'purity' meaning virginity and the sexual frolics invariably end in disaster or marriage. Here it's both. Superstud hero Mirscha Carven, as the sex cabaret performer falls for shapely brunette Lilli Carati, step-daughter of his photographer employer. But, while nudely celebrating their honeymoon, he finds he can't rise to the occasion without an audience. Naturally enough his new bride objects when he tries to tumble her in view of a Peeping Tom on the beach or a masturbating fellow traveller in a railway compartment. Ten sex scenes in all – with universally attractive participants – make it worthwhile, but you'll just have to be patient with the insipid romantic interludes and 'Teach Yourself English' dubbed dialogue.

****♡ **The Big Fix** (A), 1 hr 49 mins. Penniless, divorced, incompetent private eye Richard Dreyfuss is hired to trace an American terrorist whose declarations of support are sabotaging a mainstream political candidate. Dreyfuss, it seems, knows the underground because he is an ex-student radical. Naturally enough – despite being hampered by two kids, a neurotic ex-wife and a politically active mother who hasn't got over the Russian Revolution – he succeeds. After a lackadaisical opening (Dreyfuss spends his spare time playing *Cluedo* with himself), it turns into a telling and very funny lament for the protesting sixties. The terrorist, it betrays little to reveal, is discovered writing advertising copy incognito beside his plush Bel Air swimming pool. 'What use is there being a radical in America?' he says. 'It's like being a spoilsport at an orgy.'

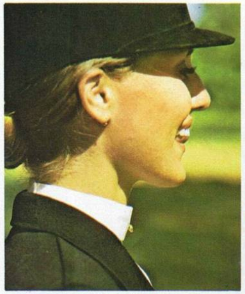
***♡ **Blue Collar** (X), 1 hr 54 mins. Three Detroit car assembly line workers, whose unrewarding, debt-ridden lives are infrequently lightened by Saturday night beanoes of drink, pot-smoking and a little bare-breasted grappling with obliging girls, decide to raid their local union's office safe. Comically inefficient, they find no funds but evidence of large scale union corruption. Outclassed at once, they are caught between murderous union officials and impotent government investigators. Full of the gritty flavour of the production line, hard, foul-mouthed and unrelenting – with an excellent musical score – it's worth a visit.

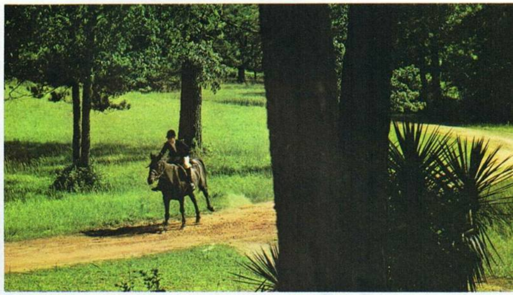
***♡♡ **National Lampoon's Animal House** (AA), 1 hr 49 mins. A pillow fight in a female fraternity house which strips every girl in sight; bare-breasted fumblings on a car back seat; and an inspired if macabre method of bird pulling – this is really *M*A*S*H Goes to College*, an anarchic and satirical peek at the American college system, fifties-style. Phi Beta Kappa house is so appalling in its behaviour an embattled Dean schemes to close it down: chaos, near mayhem and a great deal of fornication ensue. Over-strident when it tries too hard, brilliant when it scores, the film is a good 'bad taste' comedy. And the bird-pulling method? The would-be Lothario arrives at a female fraternity house to pick up a girl he knows has just died. Shocked stares all round and the deceased's gorgeous room-mate comes down to break the news. 'I don't think I can be alone tonight,' gulps the tearful hero. 'Do you think you could come out with me?' As the anxious girl rushes to get her coat, he catches her arm: 'And could you bring three more girls for my friends?'

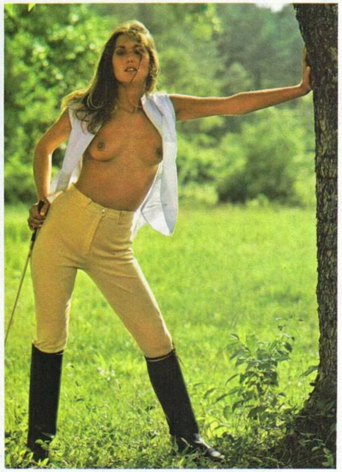
MONA

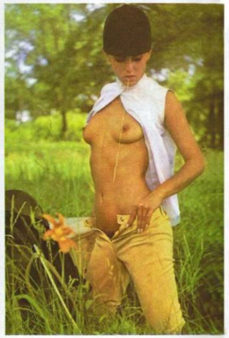
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Early afternoon on a warm spring day down in the New Forest. Sunlight, filtering through the fresh green leaves, throws dappled patterns on the mossy bark. The stillness is only broken by the occasional trill of a bird until very faintly in the distance, the sound of hoofbeats cuts through the air. Getting louder now, coming at a brisk trot, the horse suddenly comes into view, the rider sitting easily in the saddle. Hair swept up under a riding cap and severely-tailored breeches and jacket give no hint of 24-year-old Mona Duncan's femininity until, on a whim, she decides to dismount.

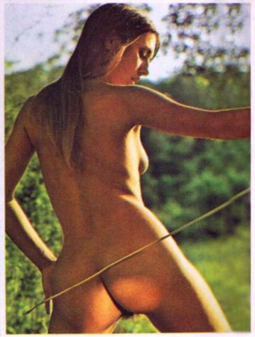








Perhaps it's the solitude; perhaps it's the calm peacefulness of the afternoon; or perhaps it's a feeling of sensuality prompted by riding through the forest that causes Mona to even think about disrobing. 'Well why not?' she thinks to herself. 'After all, it's not as though anyone will see me.' She takes off her cap and unpins her hair, sending a dark blonde torrent cascading down her back. Then she discards her jacket, breeches and shirt, shivering slightly as a cool breeze causes the nipples to harden on her lean, perfectly proportioned 35–22–35, her bottom and legs taut and well-muscled.



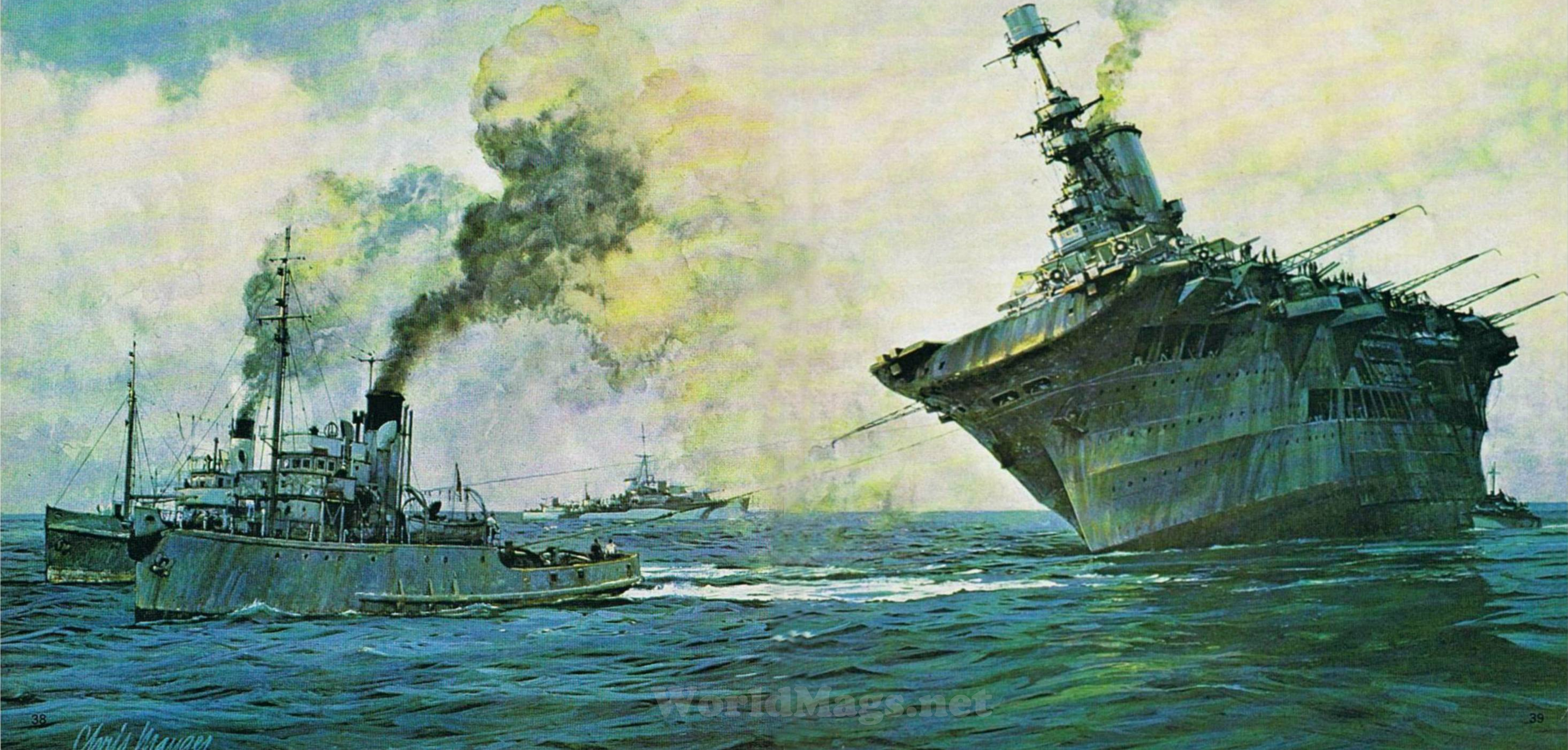
Mona runs her hands over her body, revelling in the feel of her own bare skin. She stretches out lazily, watching her stomach flatten to a smooth, soft curve, allowing her fingers to toy idly with the thin riding crop she carries, swishing it through the air while recalling how her mount responds to even its lightest touch. Still naked, she remounts, pressing her open legs down firmly on the hard muscle of the horse's back, her legs gripping its flanks with expert pressure. She smiles with pleasure with thoughts perhaps of other mountings in her mind, but, alas, that happens to be altogether a different story. . .

Within a few days of the outbreak of war, the Nazis claimed to have sunk the *Ark Royal* with a 1000 lb bomb, which only broke the crockery. Thereafter she found a special place in the affections and memories of the Senior Service

THE LEGENDARY ARK

World War Two's most famous aircraft carrier

By Gerald Rawling



Celebrated marine artist Chris Mayger's view of the Ark Royal's sinking. She was torpedoed on November 13, 1941 en route to Gibraltar.

In December last year one of the Royal Navy's most famous warhorses finally ended her career and was towed into the breakers' yard at her traditional home in Devonport. She was the last of the Navy's leviathans, a vessel scheduled for scrapping as long ago as 1972, but kept in service because her flight deck could cope with up-to-date jet fighters like Phantoms. Now, however, despite multi-million pound refits which have probably cost British taxpayers £2 a head she has been consigned to the scrapyard and oblivion. Well, not total oblivion, for she carried one of the great names in naval history – *HMS Ark Royal*. *Ark Royal* was a 50,000 ton juggernaut laid down during the Second World War and launched in 1950 by the Queen Mother. She never fired a shot in anger and her experiences of danger were limited to a minor collision with a Russian destroyer in the Mediterranean and getting a feature spot in the BBC's television series, *Sailor*. The same could not be said of her three predecessors who bore the identical proud name.

The first *Ark Royal* was conceived as a private venture in 1587 by Sir Walter Raleigh. The 800 ton vessel was laid down at Deptford and built at a cost of £5,000. Modestly enough, Sir Walter christened his brain child the *Ark Raleigh* intending to use it as a privateer in the area of the Spanish Main. By the time she was launched however, things had changed in more ways than one. The Queen, Elizabeth I, had found yet another favourite, the Earl of Essex, and a new war was looming with the Spaniards. Out of favour with the Queen and later to lose his head as a result, Sir Walter found himself obliged to abandon his plans and sell the 34 gun vessel to the Navy. A year later the ship, now renamed *Ark Royal* blazed her way into immortality as the flag ship of Lord Howard of Effingham who was principal commander of the tiny fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada. She remained a fighting ship with the Royal Navy until 1636 when she ran aground in the Medway and was so badly damaged that she had to be written off.

But if that particular ship was dead the name lingered on together with her motto, 'Desir n'a répos' ('Purpose knows no rest'). The second *Ark Royal* was a conversion job in the early twentieth century – a 9,000 ton oil tanker taken over by the Navy, fitted with a rudimentary flat top and put into service as the Royal Navy's first aircraft carrier. She was at action stations in

The Legendary Ark

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a man called Francke, thought he had a direct hit. In fact, up on the bridge, the captain took sharp avoiding action and the bomb exploded some 15 feet off the carrier's side. The concussion was tremendous. The *Ark Royal* was almost lifted out of the water and lurched viciously away to starboard, heeling over heavily. Below decks men were hurled clear across the messes and everything movable was thrown up in the air. It was some minutes before the ship regained an even keel and she did so in a series of shuddering spasms that convinced many men below she was mortally wounded. In fact, however, damage was negligible, consisting chiefly of broken crockery.

Francke, the German pilot, returned home, and merely reported that he had bombed a British carrier in the North Sea and had scored either a hit or a very near miss. He never at any time claimed a sinking but the Goebbels' propaganda ministry seized on the action report, doctored it to their own requirements and then announced to the world that the *Ark Royal* had been sunk. Francke, a non-commissioned officer, somewhat to his embarrassment, received a personal congratulatory telegram from Goering, the Iron Cross and promotion to the rank of Oberleutnant. He even had to lend his name to entirely fictitious newspaper accounts of the alleged sinking and a boys' book entitled *How I Sank the Ark Royal*. And the Irish expatriate, William Joyce, better known to English radio listeners as Lord Haw Haw, followed up his familiar call sign 'Jairmany Calling, Jairmany Calling' with the sardonic question 'Where is the *Ark Royal?*' Crew members could have informed him that the *Ark Royal* was alive and well and living in the South Atlantic looking for German surface raiders like the *Admiral Scheer* and the *Deutschland* which were causing havoc with merchantmen bringing vital supplies to Britain. It was a time of dreary and unrewarding patrol-flying for the Swordfish, and the Skuas had nothing to do except make mock attacks on the bombers as they came in to land. Eventually things livened up when three cruisers, *Exeter, Ajax* and *Achilles* came into contact with yet another surface raider, the German pocket battleship, *Graf Spee*, off the River Plate. A fierce engagement followed in which *Exeter* was badly damaged and *Ajax* so knocked about that two of her turrets were out of action. But *Graf Spee* had taken heavy punishment as well and sought sanctuary in the neutral port of Montevideo. All ships in the area raced towards the scene to reinforce the battered British squadron including the battlecruiser, *Renown*, in company with *Ark Royal*. The *Graf Spee's* gunnery officer informed his captain that he could see the masts of *Renown* in the distance and the Germans knew enough about British naval dispositions to realise that that meant *Ark Royal* was near too. In fact, the gunnery officer was poor at ship recognition and the vessel he could see was the heavy cruiser *Cumberland* – *Ark Royal* and *Renown* were still hundreds of miles away. But it was enough and Langsdorff, the captain, scuttled his ship. Three days later he committed suicide. Back to the UK for *Ark Royal*, refit and leave and then some real action at last in April 1940. It was the hopeless attempt to rescue a critical situation in Norway where the Germans had invaded and were rapidly overrunning the country. Norway was out of range for our land-based Hurricanes and Spitfires and the only aircraft we could put up were from carriers. *Furious* and *Glorious* were there along with the *Ark* and their outdated Swordfish and Skuas found themselves tangling with modern fighters like the Me 109 and the Me 110. Eventually the Allies cleared two airstrips in northern Norway at Skaanland and Bardufoss and the Hurricanes which were so badly needed could be brought over on aircraft carriers to give some much needed help in coping with the overwhelming numbers of Heinkels, Stukas and Messerschmitts. But it was a lost cause from the beginning and in the end the surviving RAF fighters, Gloster Gladiators and Hawker Hurricanes, had to be evacuated. There was only one way for them to do it – by landing on the carriers whence they had come. It is one thing to take off from the deck of a carrier but quite another to 'land on' as the naval term has it, especially if you are untrained in the art and have no deck arrester gear, but all the RAF machines successfully achieved this notable feat. Unfortunately there was a tragic sequel to this splendid episode. Steaming for home and escorted by two destroyers, *Glorious* ran straight into two German battleships, *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, an encounter which resulted in the sinking of all three British ships. During the action one of the destroyers managed to torpedo the *Scharnhorst* and she had to put into Trondheim for repairs. Aware of this, the C-in-C Home Fleet ordered an air strike against her from *Ark Royal*. It was made by sixteen Skuas carrying one 500 lb bomb each and it was as near to a suicide mission as you could imagine with swarms of enemy fighters in the area and an extremely heavy flak barrage. In fact they failed to damage the warship despite attacking her with near incredible bravery. Eight of them were shot down and the ones that got away had to land on the *Ark* in thick fog, an extremely hazardous operation.

On June 22, 1940 France capitulated and *Ark Royal* became involved in one of the sadder and more ironic incidents of the war. The bulk of the French fleet lay at Oran and it was vital that these warships should not fall into enemy hands. By odd coincidence the French admiral, Gensoul, was a close friend of the *Ark's* new commander, Captain Holland, who had formerly been a naval attaché at the British Embassy in Paris. *Ark Royal*, therefore, was included in a powerful striking force which sailed the short distance from Gibraltar to Oran. Holland went ahead in one of the destroyers and attempted to parley with his old friend. To no avail. Admiral Gensoul would accept none of the alternatives offered to him and Winston Churchill signalled to Vice-Admiral Somerville, in charge of the battle squadron: 'You

turn to page 91

VISITING ROOM
Hovío-

The Legendary Ark

continued from page 42

are charged with one of the most disagreeable and difficult tasks that a British Admiral has ever been faced with, but we have complete confidence in you and rely on you to carry it out relentlessly.'

That evening the 15 inch guns of *Hood, Valiant* and *Resolution* opened fire on the French. The *Ark*'s Swordfish did air spotting for the big ships and dropped mines across the entrance. By morning all the French battleships had been sunk or severely damaged. Their flagship, the *Dunkerque* had run aground and the Swordfish went in to administer the coup de grace with torpedoes.

Most of the next 12 months was spent in the Mediterranean escorting vital convoys to Malta and mounting attacks against the Italian fleet and the Italian air force, the Regia Aeronautica. New fighter aircraft had arrived, Fairey Fulmars, but the day of the single seat fast and powerful carrier borne fighter was still some way off and the Axis aircraft were faster and better armed. As for the bombers, there was nothing new to replace them and the poor old Stringbags plodded on at slow speed, with open cockpits in all weathers, performing tasks that would have caused problems to Mosquitoes or Mitchells. As for the Fulmars, they were much too slow and, unlike the Skuas, had no aft firing guns so that when one of the nippy Fiat CR 42's got on their tails they were reduced to unorthodox tactics. It was common practice with Fulmar observers to tear up quantities of toilet paper, tie them into bundles secured by elastic bands and when attacked from astern, throw up the cockpit hood, rip off the bands and hurl the tattered remnants at the enemy. Frequently the Italian pilots sheered off fearing some new and deadly weapon.

It was while serving with Force H in the Mediterranean that *Ark Royal* was abruptly ordered to steam out into the Atlantic to take part with numerous other ships in the search for the *Bismarck*. The German battleship had already been cornered once but had successfully fought her way out of the engagement, blowing the battlecruiser *Hood* out of the water with a direct hit in the main magazine and badly damaging the *Prince of Wales*. The carrier *Victorious* launched a Swordfish attack and achieved one hit with a torpedo but *Bismarck* appeared not to be badly affected and gave her pursuers the slip. For many hours hunting warships of all kinds ploughed through the Atlantic in ever worsening weather conditions searching for *Bismarck* without success. And then the German warship made her one mistake: she broke wireless silence and sent out a signal. In doing so she signed her own death warrant.

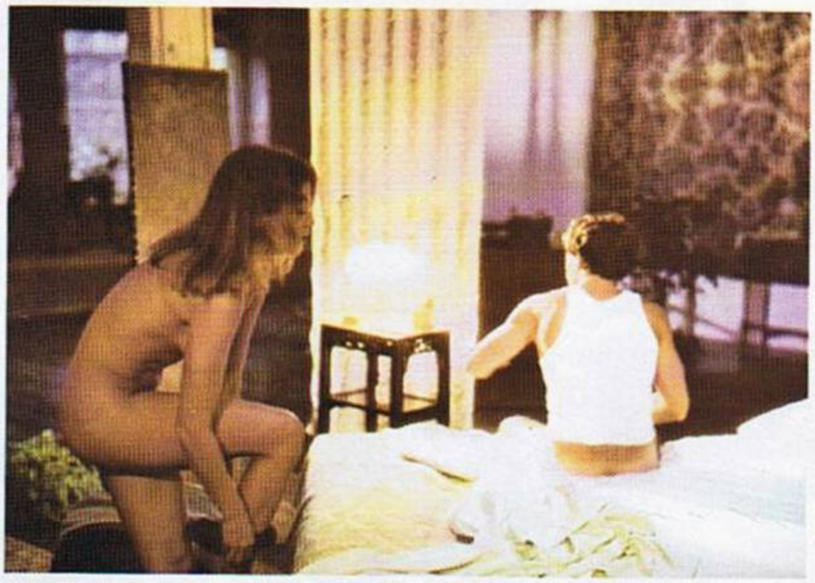
A firm fix of position now obtained, the cruiser *Sheffield* closed to a shadowing position, reinforced by two observing Swordfish from *Ark Royal*, while the big ships raced at maximum speed to engage the enemy and exact retribution for the loss of the *Hood* which had gone down with only three survivors. Now came *Ark Royal's* big moment: *Bismarck* was within range. Fourteen Swordfish took off in conditions which can only be described as bizarre. There was a full gale blowing with a murky overcast and a tumultuous sea which threw the flight deck up or down 60 feet at a time. Somehow they got airborne to find, fix and strike at the enemy. A little later they found and fixed, but fortunately did not strike at, the wrong ship. In the truly frightful visibility they loosed off 11 torpedoes at the *Sheffield*, mistaking her for *Bismarck*. Luckily, most of the projectiles were faulty and exploded prematurely – and by adroit ship handling *Sheffield* avoided the remainder. It was a fiasco but on her second attempt *Ark Royal* did somewhat better. The total remaining strike force of 15 Swordfish took off as green water swirled round their wheels on the flight deck, located *Sheffield* and then went on to find *Bismarck*. They went into attack their target in something very like zero visibility and launched their torpedoes. There were only two hits but they were enough; one had struck her amidships, the other had wrecked her steering gear. Drifting and vulnerable, *Bismarck* was now at the mercy of the battleships which had now reached her. They tried to sink her with gunfire, but in the end the cruiser *Dorsetshire* had to close with her and fire a salvo of five torpedoes to finish her off.

And so back to Med with Force H and ferrying Hurricanes into Malta, fighting off air attacks day and night with the Fulmars and the Swordfish for endless months, until one afternoon on November 13, 1941 when the end started. She was on her way back to Gibraltar, landing on aircraft at the time and was only 30 miles short of home when a single torpedo from a U-boat hit her amidships. She heeled over sharply and it soon became clear to the captain that the wound was mortal. He gave the order to abandon ship. The destroyer *Legion* came alongside skilfully to take off the crew although certain key members remained aboard, hoping to get her back to Gibraltar. Part of the trouble lay in the fact that all the power circuits had been severed and there was no pumping machinery available to get the water out of the engine and boiler rooms on the starboard side. The starboard list became more pronounced and there were awful sounds down in the hangars below decks as the parked aircraft piled up together.

Tugs were called out from Gibraltar to take her in tow and actually got to a point where they were making five knots, but it was no good. Early next morning she heeled right over and sank. She took with her just one casualty, an able seaman, drowned as he lay in his bunk asleep.

Launched on the 13th, torpedoed on the 13th, you could say she was an unlucky ship, but it is very doubtful whether you would find anybody who ever served in her to agree. Famous ship, yes. Well-loved ship, yes. Unlucky ship, no. She lies now at the bottom of the Mediterranean but the Royal Navy is unlikely to allow the name to die. There will be another *Ark Royal*.

ALARM
LASSALVY



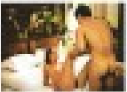
Stephen Vicinczey's best selling novel of a young man's erotic trip through life comes to the screen in a sensational new film

'In Praise of Older Women'

exclusive scenes from a classic new sex film

'This story is dedicated to older women and addressed to younger men. And the connection between the two is my proposition.' So wrote Stephen Vicinczey in his graphic 1966 best-seller *In Praise of Older Women* and instantly struck a universal male chord. It's all the more surprising then that a film version has been so long arriving, but here it is: our own bare preview of a two-hour cinematic marathon whose proximity to the spirit of the original can be judged by the fact that 40 over-explicit seconds have already been clipped by censors in Canada, where it was made. An erotic odyssey, the film traces the

Top: exiled from his native Hungary after the 1956 uprising, young Andras Vayda (Tom Berenger) finds erotic compensation in Canada with a shy and inexperienced Toronto housewife (Helen Shaver). So effective are his overtures that she's soon ordering him about the bedroom like a drill sergeant. Middle and bottom: another Vayda success: blonde Paula (Alexandra Stewart) is a statuesque but frigid 36-year-old. In a very short time Andras' in-depth tutorials on the art of love-making have reversed the sad experiences of a lifetime.



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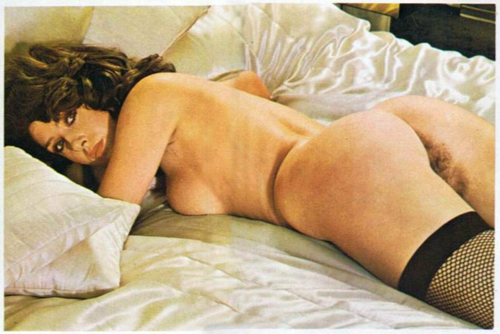
ADELE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

Some girls like the feel of silks, satins and lace against their skin; others like delicate, feminine frills and frippery. For her part, 23-year-old Adele Bowman goes for slinky, sexy, black PVC enclosing her opulently-rounded 38-24-37. 'I have a real liking for the kind of things I'm wearing in these pictures,' maintains Birmingham-born Adele. 'I think they're an incredible turn-on. Not that I'm into bondage fantasies or whips or anything like that; no, what gets me going is the feel of leather and PVC against my bare skin. All you have to do is to take a look at how hard my nipples are to see the sexy effect PVC has on me.'

Adele smiles. 'Boyfriends seem to like my wardrobe too. As soon as I've got myself dressed up for them, all they want to do is tear it off me and rush me off to bed.' She grins. 'That's why what I'm wearing for these pictures is my favourite. It's a sort of corselette made of stretchy PVC that fits me really tightly, pushing my boobs out and making them look even bigger. Do you like the way it opens up at the back? I thought you would because you can have fun actually wearing it.'

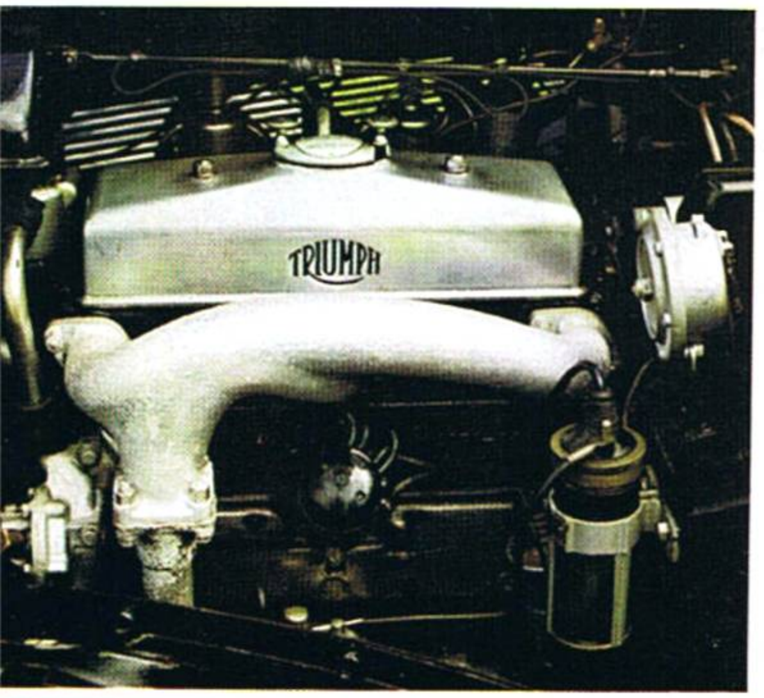


'Don't believe though,' continues Adele, 'that my costumes are all-important in my sex-life. Far from it. Although they're a turn-on, they're just a means to an end, namely helping me and my boyfriend to feel incredibly randy.' She stretches luxuriously. 'There's nothing to beat a bare body when it comes right down to the nitty-gritty though – despite the appeal of PVC and leather. I think my favourite outfit for love-making would be just a pair of stockings and nothing else. Maybe just a hint of PVC somewhere, but nothing too blatant. Don't you think you'd find that sexy?' Personally, we don't think anyone would disagree.

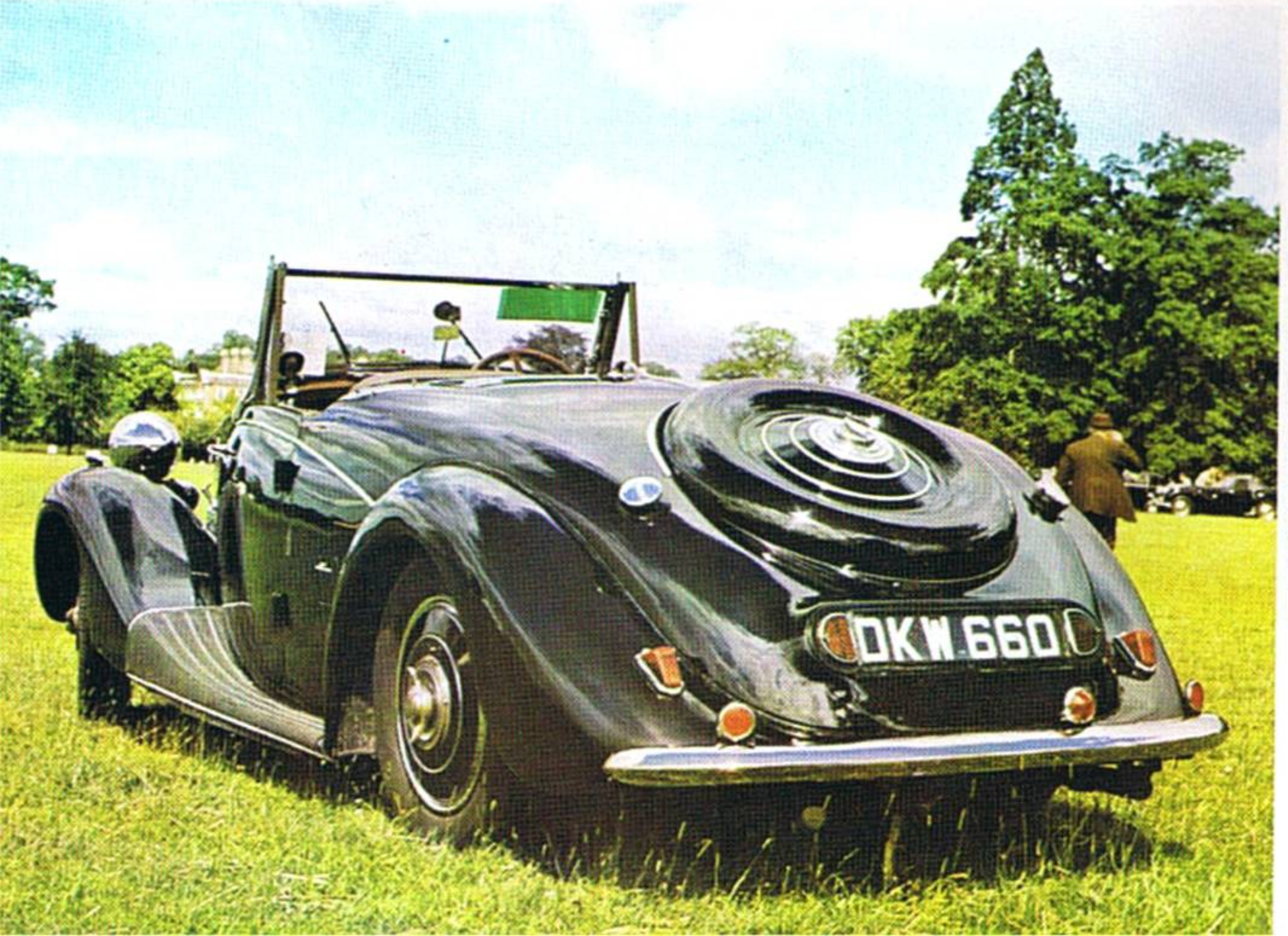
The Glorias and Dolomites of the thirties first brought sporting distinction to the Triumph marque, says Bill Boddy

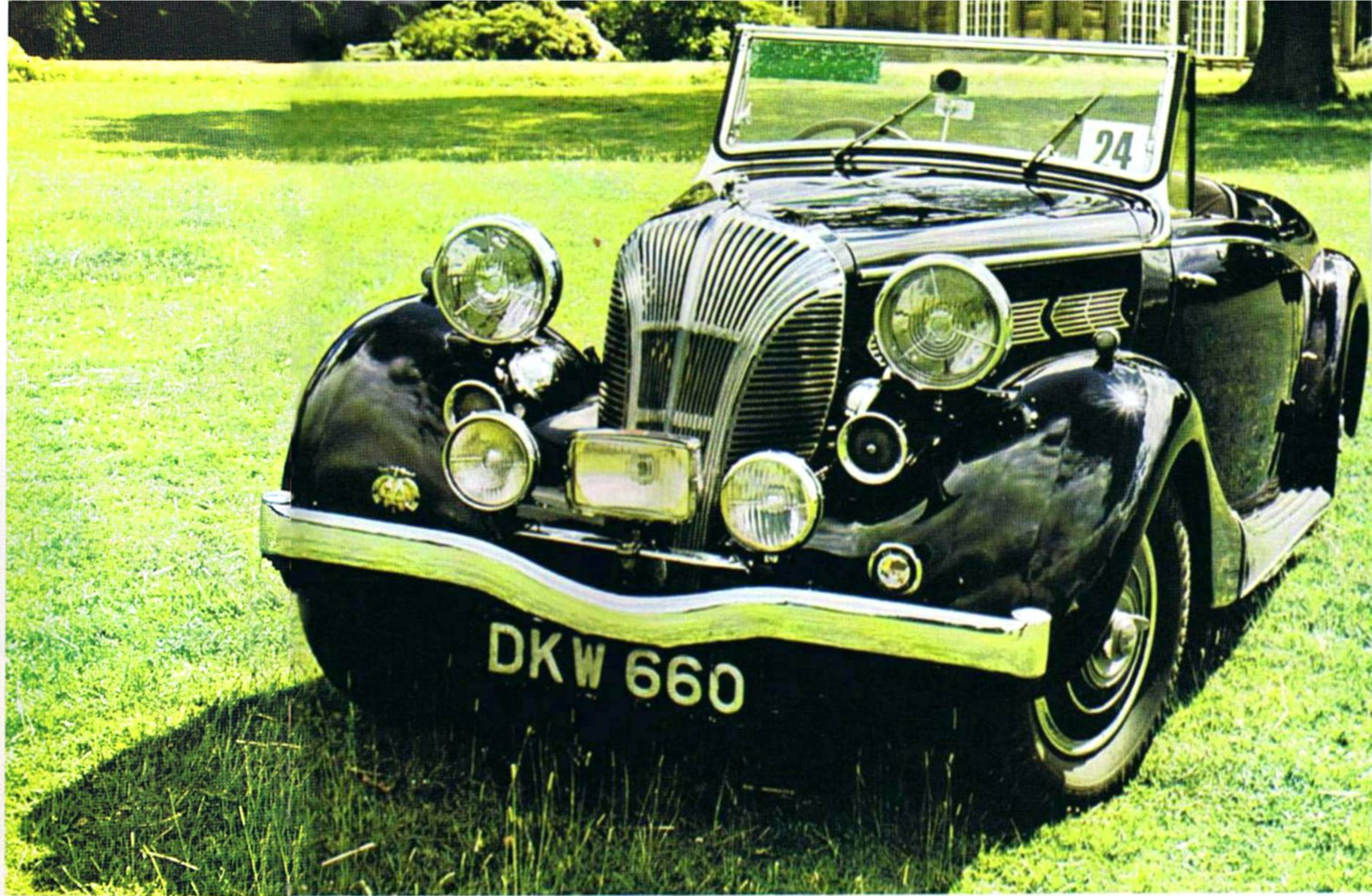
EARLY TRIUMPHS TODAY'S TREASURES

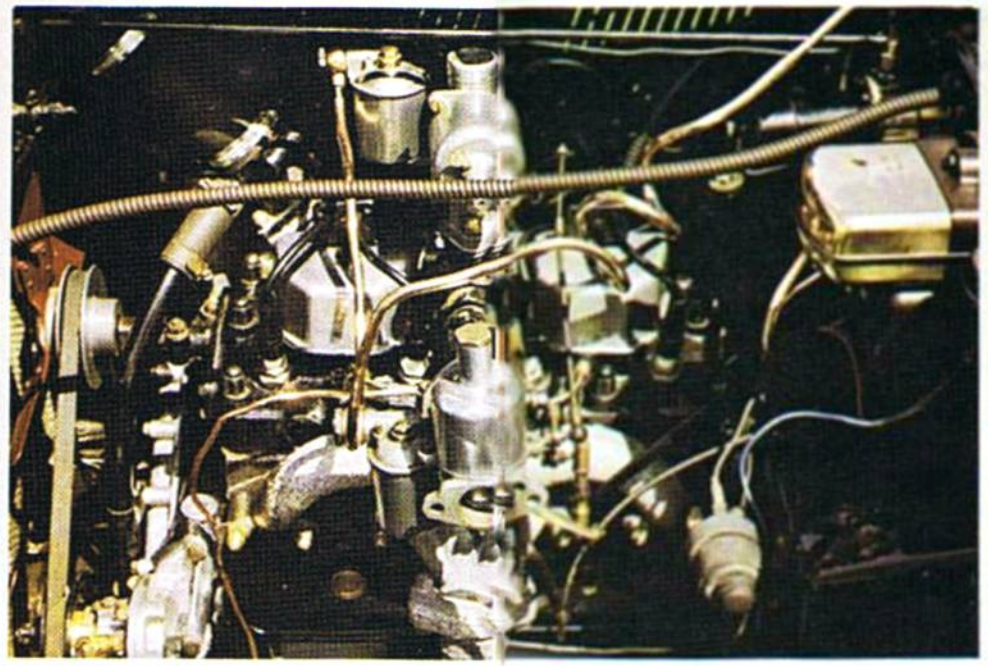
Photographed by Andrew Morland

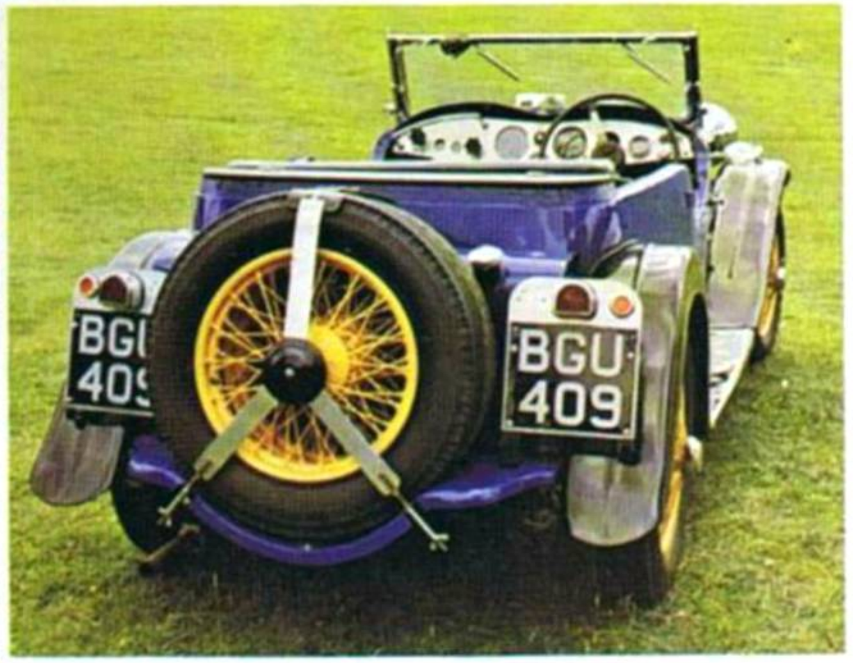


The Triumph motor car seems to be getting a grip on collectors of between-wars makes and models. Certainly it represents a respected British *marque*, the story of which is projected into modern times by the British Leyland Dolomite and its pleasing Sprint version. Typically British, the Triumph made its name in the days when this was a good thing to be, as the product of a long established Coventry company. The between-wars Triumphs are no longer encountered very frequently on the roads but examples still exist, to please the eye and charm the spirit of petrol-buffs who encounter them at specialised rallies. They were the carefully styled products of a company which made a name for itself building bicycles in the 1880s. Cars, however, were a late development, and the first of these were not particularly distinguished although they were notable for Lockheed









Main picture: a Triumph Dolomite 14/65 DHC with a 1767 cc engine and dating from 1938/39. Anti-clockwise from facing page, top: a close view of the Dolomite's four cylinder engine. Below: a rear view of the 1939 Dolomite – it was a direct predecessor of the successful 1946 Triumph 1800 roadster. Right: close-up of a Triumph 10.8 hp Coventry climax engine, mainstay of the Gloria models of the mid-thirties. Right: a 10.8 hp, 1232 cc Gloria Monte Carlo sports tourer of 1934.

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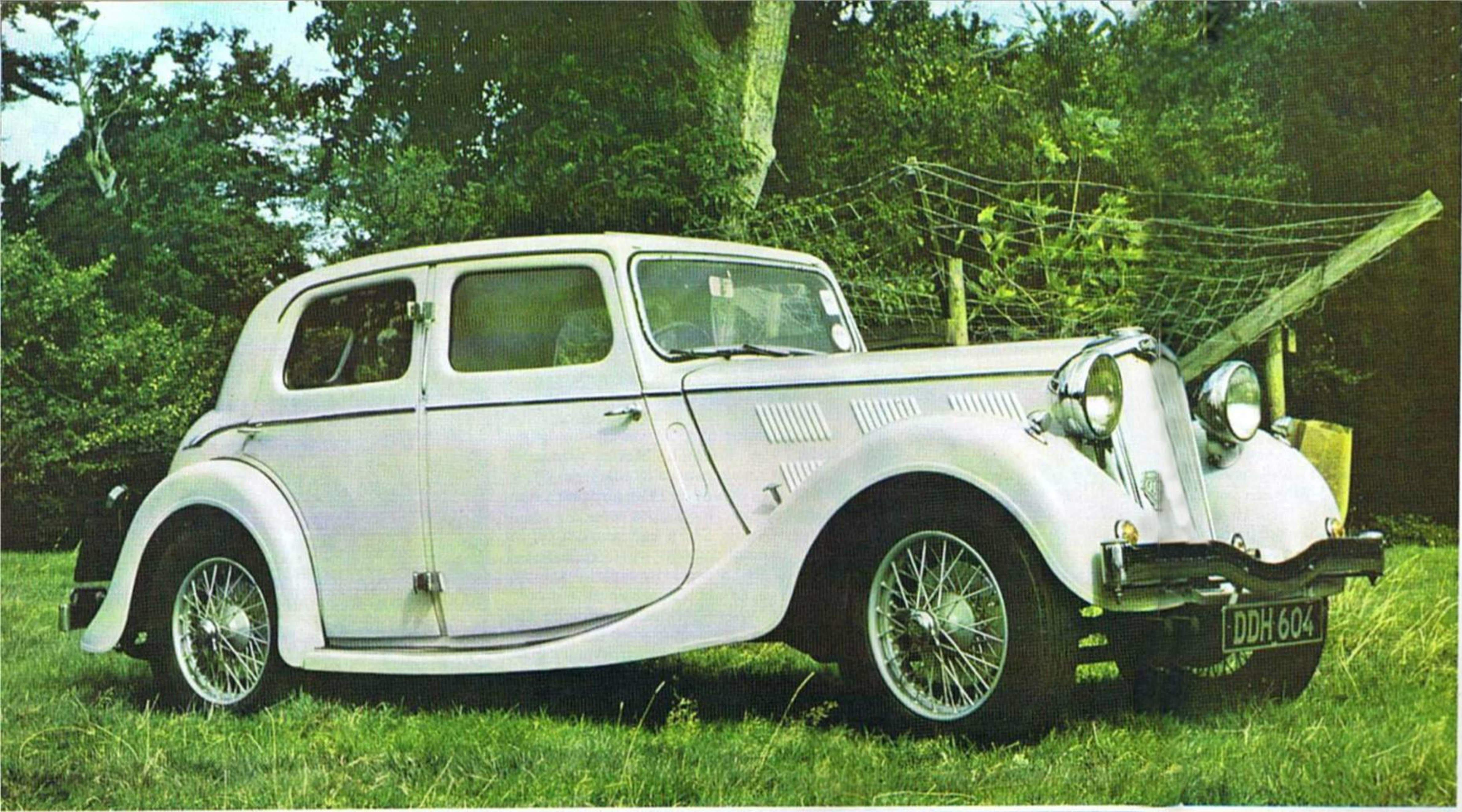
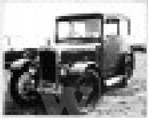


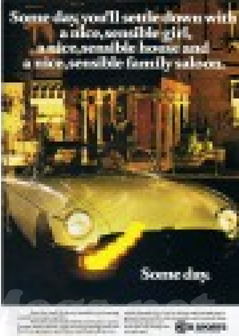
duced in time, a precarious financial situation may still be rectified. Anyway, it was late in 1934 that the recently appointed managing director, Lieutenant-Colonel Claude Holbrook introduced his new range of Triumph motor cars.

The older models were not immediately scrapped but the effort of the new managing director was concentrated on the new Triumph Gloria. If the previous offerings had been dull and undistinguished, the new Gloria was what one historian has described as 'long-wheelbased, rakish, relatively low-hung, and undeniably different.' This first Gloria was naturally provided

Facing page: top, a 1937 Triumph Vitesse 14/60. Below: a 1936 1991cc Triumph Gloria foursome coupe with bodywork by Cross and Ellis. This page, top left and right: Gloria and Vitesse badges. Right: a rear view of the 1937 Triumph Vitesse. Below: a 10.8 hp Gloria Vitesse. Made between 1934 and 1937 the Gloria range dominated Triumph, using six engines in three chassis.

TRIUMPH
GLO

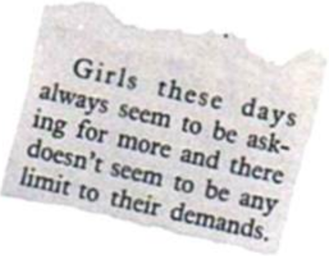



Some day, you'll settle down with a nice, sensible girl, a nice, sensible house and a nice, sensible family saloon.
Some day.

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb



Girls these days always seem to be asking for more and there doesn't seem to be any limit to their demands.

Letter to Dorsetshire local newspaper

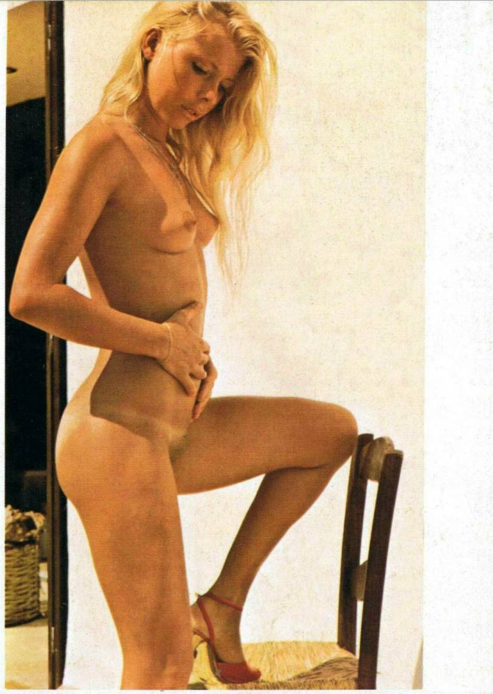
GIVE US MORE NOW !!

WorldMags.

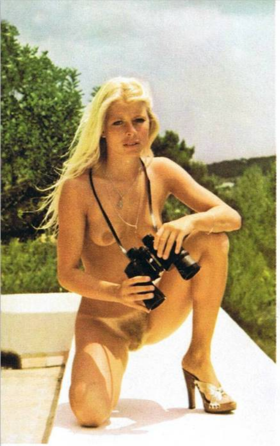
MARY-ANN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROY BREWINGTON

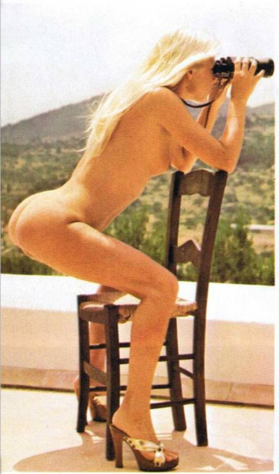
At this time of year, the sap starts to rise, buds begin to bloom, the fancy of men turns to matters feminine and 19-year-old Mary-Ann Bosworth readies herself for her busiest period of the year at work. Mary-Ann, ('Please use my full name: I hate being called just Mary or Ann'), works at a large garden centre on the southern fringes of Greater London.



'Spring really is a hectic time for us all,' affirms Mary-Ann. 'Keen gardeners work in their gardens all year round, but most of the people who come here are really just week-end gardeners who dash out and load themselves up with everything from seed to lawnmowers on the first warm day of the year. My own particular province is vegetables, so I'll be hard at it from now until the summer. Vegetable growing really took hold after *The Good Life* series on TV and we have a job keeping up with demand now.' She grins. 'I'll have to talk to my seedlings in order to encourage them to grow perhaps just that little bit faster!'



Talk to plants? 'Of course,' says Mary-Ann. 'It *does* help them grow faster.' And what do shoppers think of Mary-Ann's 35-24-35 whispering sweet nothings to the assorted veg? 'I'm sure they think I'm loony,' she laughs, 'but it's probably just as well that I don't work with flowers. Can you imagine all the cracks my friends would make about me talking to a Pansy! Or, for that matter, being in the same bed as Sweet William! Happily, there aren't many *double entendres* that go with veg, although hardly a week goes by without some comedian offering to show me his prize marrow. As far as that goes, I'd rather be a wallflower!'



When Melanie works in a hotel and meets
a handsome Frenchman she finds it's even better
to receive room service than give it

As a hotel receptionist, darling, I'll have pleasure accommodating you.

Haven't seen you for ages, Cynthia. How are you? Good . . . Now . . . Yes, darling, of course I'm interested. But if you're alright, there isn't much to add, I mean is there? Oh, yes, I've had an absolutely amazing time, amazing, that's the only word for it. Wait till you hear. Ciggy? Goodness me, you'll be giving up sex next. No chance? Smashing. Same with me.

No, I simply couldn't stand another bloody office. If I saw one more slob behind a big desk dragging his ego out for a wee, I thought I'd go out of my mind. I know there isn't far to go, darling, don't be so bitchy. So when this job came up as a hotel receptionist up west, I just sort of jumped at it. Like a bean, actually. No, sweet, a *jumping* bean. Goodness, you are slow.

Jonathan? No, I'd given him up. Thick? Why, he was so thick you could saw his mind into planks. Kept going on about Eton. How he played the Wall Game. I think he must have been the wall.

Smashing job, really. Lots of Yanks, of course. Bit dim, some of them. Don't actually know what kept their ears apart. I think they just can't have been properly introduced to one another. Probably have got on quite well otherwise. But some of them were sweet. Like Hank.

Do you know he got my pants off in the lift between the twelfth and the fifteenth floor, and if a blue-tinted bitch with a poodle hadn't stopped the lift at the seventeenth, we'd have been through the roof before we got there. He was Jewish. It stuck out a mile. Nice bloke, Hank.

Next day, it was about five pm, and I was just getting ready to go as I came off duty at six, when Pierre walked in. Talk about a virgin's dream, if you can cast your mind that far back, darling. Frog with the most divine accent; the buttons on my shirt just popped off one by one at every syllable. Sort of voice that groped you in the dark, you know the kind, sort of verbal cunnilingus.

Thin, dark, with long tapering fingers and narrow hips. Blue eyes like a cold sea, very brilliant. And so nice and contemptuous. He really made me feel inferior, like a castrated gnat, such a change I thought, when you can't really help feeling superior to most men, they're such slobs. Most of them have been outdated by the vibrator anyway. But not Pierre.

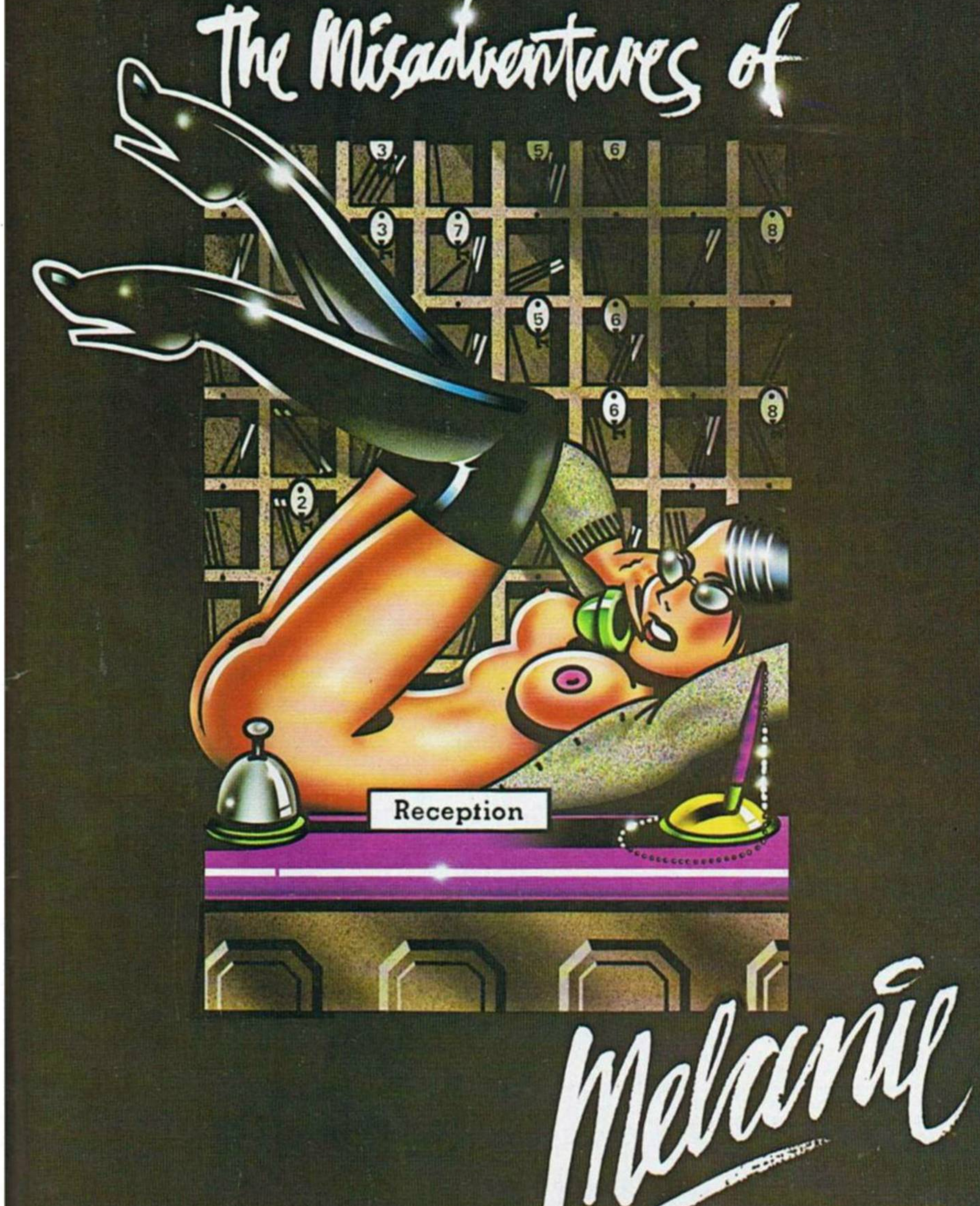
He was a sort of Frog phallic symbol in a roll-neck sweater. Gosh, I fancied him. A long, slow sort of tremor started just below my belly button and spread downwards, and at the same time a couple of arthritic flies were crawling up my spine, dragging their legs. You know the feeling down there – pulsing and congested, as if you wanted to split yourself apart.

I went red. My nipples pushed against my shirt, really standing out, and my lips felt all puffed and raw, so that I couldn't speak properly, as if my tongue had got too big for my mouth. Yes, of course if you want to use a crude word like that, I slobbered over him.

Personally I don't use such expressions, but I suppose if my family had come from Penge it might have been different. No, I'm not angry. Just fucking disgusted at your shitting language, if you want to know. I'm sorry, darling, I'm a bitch. Kiss? Smashing.

Now where was I? Oh yes. I said I'd take him up to the room. We pressed a bit close

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL DOBSON



in the lift, as it was jammed with people. Well, any rate, it seemed jammed, even if there was only one Arab and a suitcase. To be frank, I pretended to trip over the suitcase, and fell practically into his arms. He smiled ever so faintly, but nothing else, but he wasn't so discreet where it mattered. I felt that alright. He knew I'd noticed, and he gave the slowest, most sexy grin I've ever seen in my life. I felt all my clothes just dropped off me in an instant.

We went into his room. It had a huge double bed, very posh, with a view over London, really smashing. I didn't expect to see much of it actually, unless it was somehow reflected on the ceiling.

'I think I'll have a shower,' he said, peeling off my knickers with his voice. 'Then perhaps you might like to have dinner with me?'

I nodded, but I couldn't say anything. I mean, I just stood there and stared. And, goodness, do you know what happened? Why, cool as a cucumber, he just took off all his clothes and walked naked across the room to the shower. His body was fantastic, and normally I find men pretty revolting in the nude. I could see at a glance – I mean, it was a bit of a long, lingering sort of glance, but a glance none the less – that he fancied me.

You remember how fast we had to be changing for hockey? Well, that was nothing. I was starkers in about twenty seconds flat, my pants in one corner of the room, bra in another. I only just stopped in time, otherwise I think I'd have taken my skin off as well, sort of unzipped it and hung it across the back of a chair.

And I looked super, just as he must have seen me reflected in the mirror, my lovely curvy bottom, wide hips and my tits standing out as if the points of my nipples were dragging at them. I really loved myself, the way my thighs curve inwards and the little soft fuzz of hair, so pretty and delicate.

I stood there for a moment, my hands under my breasts, pulling my tummy in, and feeling myself swelling and opening beneath me. I thought it was beautiful then, not sort of physical at all – like a bud, all soft and sticky, the way it opens when the sun comes up, and it seemed the most innocent thing in the whole world, and the most beautiful.

I wanted to tell him this – how my body was so open and good and loving to him, and how I loved it too. I think I did say it when we made love, but not of course in words: they only exist round the edges of love. In the middle there's only silence. Yes, I know it sounds silly, but it's like the silence that's in the middle of music, if you listen for it. for it's still in the same way; the music's all around it.

Crumbs, I do get carried away! I mean, in one sense it was just quite physical, but it was still good, even as that. I joined him in the shower and he was soaping my breasts and stomach and then his fingers were all warm and slippery between my thighs. He kissed me and lifted me onto him, so that one of my legs was hooked round him and the other trying to grip the slippery floor. And there was the cold tap dripping on my bottom and it was marvellous, though I couldn't grip properly with my thighs all soapy.

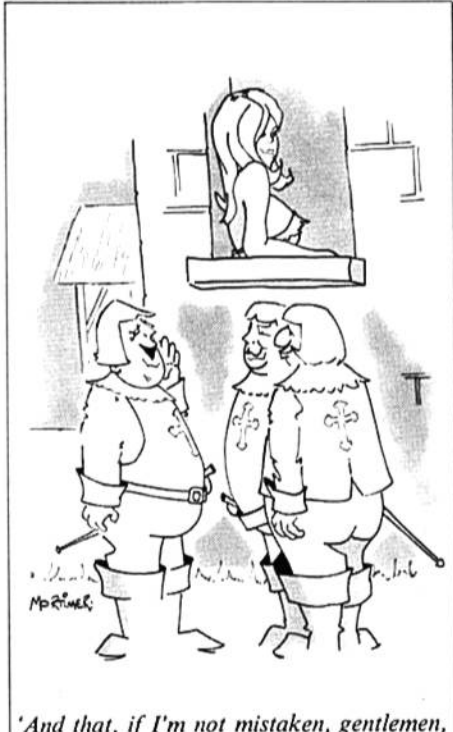
Afterwards we lay on the big bed and it began to grow dark. We didn't talk, just touched one another from time to time, very small kisses, always on the edge of being aroused, but stopping one another each time. It was like being on top of a high cliff and you see the waves beneath you breaking on the shore, and you feel scared and tingly and wonder if you might jump, and you don't but you never feel safe, and that's marvellous in love, never to feel safe, never quite certain you're in control.

We managed that for hours, and then he turned me over so that I was on my hands and knees, and he came into me, and I felt so marvellously shameless, my bottom stuck in the air, everything open to him, and I wished there was something more, something even more secret that no one had every discovered before, that I could expose it to him also, even one tiny dark corner of my mind would do, if I had one, but I don't think I do.

I wish I was more mysterious, it's a drag really. Everything's on show, like a lit-up window in Bond Street. I expect that's why people think I'm so naive. Gosh, I'm naive! Anyone can take me in, like the washing.

And he did. Yes, later. I was having a drink at the bar waiting for him before dinner when two blokes came up to me. Knew they were coppers at once. I mean, when they're in plain clothes, it's just so obvious. They look uncomfortable, like a bishop who's forgotten his mitre, or the girl up a ladder who suddenly remembers she's not got on her knickers.

Happened to me once when I was working in a record shop. The news must have spread, because I spent all day looking for discs on the top shelf for practically half the male population of London. I spent ages searching for Beethoven's Tenth symphony. I mean, how on earth was I to know he only wrote nine, the lazy bastard? Anyway, they came up to me and they told me. Darling Pierre, he was a swindler. Big scale, you know, not just a few bounced cheques, we all do that, but international finance, that sort. I didn't understand, I was never good at sums, but they'd enough on him to make him more than a day tripper to Devil's Island.



'And that, if I'm not mistaken, gentlemen, looks like a one for all.'

He'd slipped through the net before. They were frightened, as they couldn't arrest him until some information was received from Paris and they expected it that night.

'We want someone to see he doesn't leave his room all night,' one of them said, with a smirk on his face as if an egg had slid across the pan. 'Get what I mean?'

I opened my eyes wide. And I can, as you know: they're like a pair of vacant moons, Robert said, but I didn't much like that. Still I knew what he meant.

'Why me?' I said. 'Why ask me?'

The second copper sighed, really heavy it was, like his last gasp.

'We were in the next room,' he said. Then he sighed again. 'I wish I'd his stamina. After about two minutes, I'm winded. Wouldn't do for you,' he said in a really common way, so that I blushed, I mean who wouldn't?

Still, I agreed. Pierre was a shit, I recognized that, but he was so splendid in bed that I think it should be taken into account at his trial.

We had dinner, and then we went up to his room again. He loved it from behind, loved to smooth my bottom with his hands, to touch the inside of my thighs where the skin's so soft, or run his tongue inside my groin. I think he was doing that when the coppers burst in.

It was over in a moment. And the absurd thing is that I was so startled, I didn't even bother to cover myself up. I just lay on the bed, flat on my tummy, and watched him dressing and being taken away, never even thinking I'd got no clothes on.

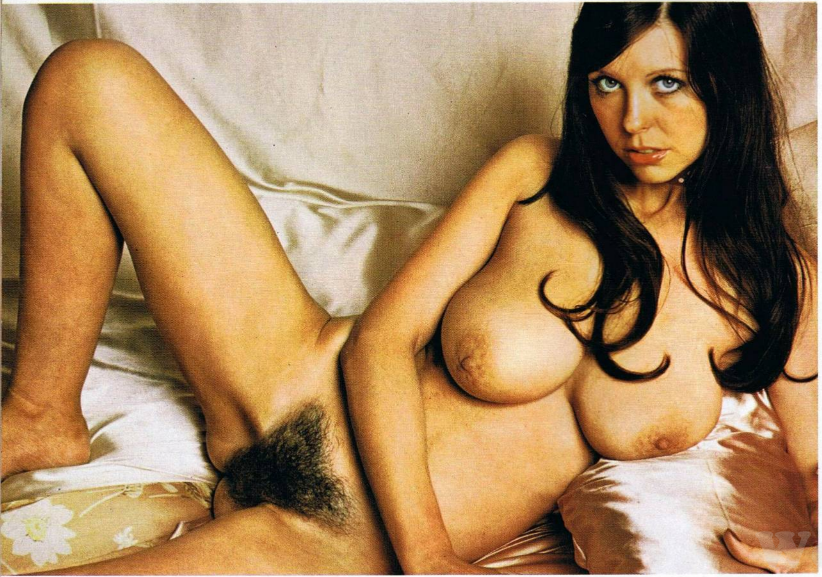
The worst thing was the cops never seemed to notice. Now I've got a fabulous bottom, everyone says so. It's been called witty, elegant, whimsical – all sorts of fancy names, but the truth is it's such a super shape. I'm really proud of it. Well, there were three of them, and none of them noticed. It might have been a couple of satin pillows.

Until they were about to go. Then the one who sighed so much came across to me, gave my bottom a slap like it was the rump of a horse, and said, 'Well done, old girl!' I was so ashamed. I can tell you, darling, I don't think our coppers are all that bloody marvellous.

Do you know what else he did, that slobby copper? Yes, stuck a ten pound note in the cleft of my bottom like you'd file a letter in a rack. Pierre, darling Pierre, he'd never have done a thing like that. He may have been a crook, but he was always a gentleman. Let's drink to Pierre, shall we? I've got a tenner to spend.

'I went into it more-or-less by accident,' laughs Lorraine. 'I'd been working as a receptionist and saving up for a trip to the States later on this year. The idea was that I'd work until the end of November and then take a casual job that I could leave at a moment's notice when my States trip came up. I thought it would be quite easy to get a temp job over the Christmas and New Year periods, but they all seemed to involve working in shops, which I couldn't have stood. Then someone suggested, more as a joke than anything else, that I try being a postie – and that's what I did! It was hard work, but I enjoyed it. I was at one of the big central London offices where I'd turn up for work at five in the morning, would you believe, sort out the stuff for my round, have breakfast in the canteen, go out on my round, have a break and then go back to start all over again for the afternoon round. The first few days nearly killed me, but then I got used to it and found it fun.'

And was Lorraine's softly-rounded 37B-25-36 hidden from view by the rough blue serge of a postman's uniform? 'No, thank heavens,' she replies. 'As a temp, you wore your own clothes with just an armband which identified you as a postie.' Lorraine grins. 'You're bringing it all back to me. Like the morning I got lost and ended up in tears being comforted by a policeman. Or delivering some mail by mistake to the wrong house and then having to ring the bell and very shame-facedly ask for it back when I realised what I'd done.' She giggles. 'I'm sure if I'd stayed longer than I did the GPO would have ground to a halt, so perhaps it's just as well I turned to modelling – dare I say it has the stamp of quality?' A first-class statement, Lorraine, we definitely get the message.



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LETTERS

continued from page 120

some respect, but surely somebody at *Mayfair* could have expurgated the Bayflowers. The poor doctor and his colleagues are suffering from a distinct overdose of capital letters. Please don't let it happen again.
Keith Bailey, Brussels

Perhaps those unfamiliar with John Fergus Ryan's regular contributions to Mayfair *might not realise that the use of capital letters in his short stories is in no way a mis-use of the English language, but a deliberate mannerism of his literary style.*

Having over the past few weeks purchased *Mayfair* Vol 14 Nos 1 and 2, I am writing to give my opinion to see if any other readers agree. For the start of 1979 I was looking forward to the kind of issue you gave us in Vol 13 No 1. In fact I was only impressed by two pictures in the entire magazine: the cover (a set of this girl would be much appreciated) and the final picture of Tamara Knight on page 89. Running through the girls: Gloria Soames and Rose Babcock were very plain; Jacci Lowes was quite good, but I thought the pictures could have been better; Felicity Driscoll was very nice, but Siwer Ohlsson (usually my favourite photographer) in my opinion didn't make the best of her. Jennifer Eccles has, to be honest, never impressed me. She's all right if all you want is a big pair of tits but I prefer a little more class, and sticking a blonde wig on her does not give that. This leaves Tamara Knight whom I liked very much, except that I don't think the set did her justice. Please give her another chance.
When I bought Vol 14 No 2 I was hoping for something better and you certainly provided it! The first girl, Rosemary Perkins, made for a pleasant start. Then Crystal Collins made things even better and showed Siwer back on form. Laura Beaumont was a disappointment, but Barbara Howe was simply out of this world, the best in the issue and certainly worth another set. Julie Burridge I liked too, and what can you say about Kay Woodsford? Apart from the obvious sexual attraction of the nurse uniform strip, she also had a beautiful body, especially her breasts, which proves that the slightly more mature woman can at least match the younger ones who usually appear in *Mayfair*. On the subject of older women, I am sure many readers would like to see women of 30 to 45. I see many slender, good-looking women of about 40 who have figures good enough to grace the pages of *Mayfair*. I have one final request. Please give us another set of the most beautiful girl to appear in your pages in the two years I have been taking it – Claire Cuthbert (Vol 12 No 2).
R G, Birmingham

Many people believe that the adventures they read about in your letter columns don't happen in reality. In fact more things happen than people could possibly dream of. It is simply a matter of personality and attitude. The sexier and hornier a person is, the more sex adventures that person will have. If I was world ruler I would immediately make a new law about women's dressing do's and don'ts. I would also enforce increased sexual activity. In short I would start a world wide sexual revolution in order to make love free. Women should be dressed in sexy dresses, without panties, and they should not be allowed to refuse any man who could produce a medical card showing he did not have any venereal disease at his last monthly check-up. That would be heaven on earth. Men would stop fighting silly wars, nobody would have to suffer from low self-esteem, lack of self-confidence or any other inferiority complexes. Everybody would be sexually satisfied, just like other creatures on Earth. It would be a very worthwhile effort to stop a lot of misery in this world. But my reason for writing is not to sell this idea. I would like to tell you of an adventure that happened to me here in Stockholm last September. It was wild, crazy and very satisfying. The names I use are not the real ones, but the story is true. I hope many readers will be stimulated by this story and at once start some satisfying sex activities. I have a friend who publishes one of the best porno magazines you can buy in this country. One day he called me and asked if three English models he was using could stay in my flat because there

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE MANAGEMENT

'I think we can afford them a three star orgy rating.'

'SHALL I COME TO YOUR PLACE?'

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LETTERS

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affair was getting to me. Maybe Rob wouldn't go too far and anyway it was weeks away yet. I began to think what I would do if it *did* come off and trying the clothes on made me feel like the sexy vamp I pretended to be at work.

Christmas Eve we started work early, 7 am, and we were due to finish at about 4 pm but Cathy had convinced the manageress that I needed to go at 2 pm to catch a train back to my parents. In fact at 2 pm I was in a taxi dressed in the outfit bought earlier and on my way to see Cathy's husband.

As I drove past all the offices I thought of the sexy staff parties and got a thrill guessing what was going to happen to me.

I stepped out of the cab and walked to the front door. I could see that the TV was on through a window and Rob's car was in the drive. My hand shook as I rang the doorbell. Rob answered wearing jeans and a casual sweater. Obviously Cathy had not told him – she really meant it as a surprise. I said: 'Hello, I'm your Christmas present.' He laughed and invited me in to have a drink.

I felt a bit let down that he was taking it as a joke so I said 'Sorry I never drink on the job.' I turned off the TV and asked if he would put some funky music on the stereo. This he did and sat down with a drink in his hand. I deliberately stood in front of him, the adrenalin rushing through me. I took off my coat and saw the look in his eyes as he took in my short black wet-look dress and thigh-high boots. The music was really getting to me as I pulled the zip of my dress down to my navel, my large breasts straining forwards. Slowly I let my dress fall to the ground – the basque made me feel terrific. Dancing to the music I undid the basque and threw it to one side. The bulge in Rob's pants told me he liked what he saw. I sat on the floor and unzipped my tight long boots and took them off. Standing up again right in front of him I removed my G-string and stockings. Now I was naked in front of a strange man, turned on like never before.

Rob stood up and came close – he took hold of the label hanging over my pubic hair and read in Cathy's hand-writing 'Happy Christmas to the most wonderful husband in the world. Please enjoy it to the full. Love, your devoted wife.'

Rob stroked my pussy very gently but I was in no mood for foreplay. 'Never mind, I'm ready,' I said. The voice seemed not to be my own as though I was not totally responsible. He undressed quickly. When down to his underpants he remembered the curtains and drew them, and then removed his old-fashioned Y-fronts.

Now, in numerous letters in *Mayfair* the men always have large pricks. Personally I have never seen one of the dimensions written about, but true to all fantasies Rob was very well blessed: probably nine inches long and very thick and firm. He lay me down on a sheep-skin rug in front of the fire and kissed my pussy. I said, 'Please fuck me,' and he quickly obliged. He seemed to know that he was too big for me so he started to take me very gently. However I was by then so desperate I just pushed up to him until he had penetrated me fully and then fucked me gently for what seemed hours in every position.

Unlike my few previous experiences he was unhurried and kept the same rhythm of strokes. Eventually entering from the rear with his fingers stimulating my clitty I burst into a climax the like of which I had never had before. After I came to he gently asked me to suck him. I said I'd never done it before although I had told the girls at work I did all the time. He was so kind he promised to withdraw and not come in my mouth. He had only been in my mouth a few moments with me sucking as enthusiastically as possible when he pulled out and came over my breasts.

We both lay exhausted for some time until Cathy came home. She was genuinely pleased to see the result of her efforts and helped me clean up and got me to the station in time for my real train home.

Miss A M (address withheld)

I loved the photo feature of the Edwardian doctor examining Bertha. The story line was good but not so much fun as some of your Carrie adventures. Like several of your readers, I would love to see a custard pie caper in your magazine, like the Carrie sequence when she indulged in a pie fight with another girl in a hotel lobby. Ideally we should see two ladies in very low cut dresses sitting at a restaurant table. A 'Manuel'-type waiter would approach with a trolley laden with sweets – meringues, trifles, custard pies etc. His eyes would be glued to one girl's deep cleavage while ladling out mousse to her companion. However he would miss the plate and tip the whole lot down the front of the companion's dress. The first girl would laugh and in retaliation the second girl would pick up a custard pie from the trolley and sock it to the waiter. He would then flee the scene. The first girl – still immaculate – would be helpless with laughter at the sight of the other girl's sodden dress and mousse-covered boobs. At which point the second girl would pick up a huge creamy creation and ceremonially stuff it down the front of the other girl's dress. Then a free for all would take place, the girls wrenching each others' dresses off. One would be wearing corset, stockings and suspenders, the other, bra, panties and fishnet stockings. They would playfully wrestle with each other over the table, getting coated in custard and baring their boobs. At this point a smartly dressed manageress would arrive on the scene to break it all up. She would be wearing a light blue suit and a frilly blouse. The two custard-smothered ladies would approach the manageress from opposite sides and carrying the last two pies. While one girl unbuttoned the manageress' blouse, the other would lift her skirt above her stocking tops and pull down her panties. Then in one gooey burst they would simultaneously whack one pie between the manageress' bare breasts while the other was splattered into her pubic hair. Great fun and a visual treat!

Finally I would like to ask for one centre page picture showing a girl fully dressed as an airline hostess cupping her bared boobs in a pair of white gloved hands while showing the snowy white gusset of her panties.

C C, Sawston

You are clearly a man of precise imagination and meticulous tastes. Perhaps you should try writing Carrie scripts – and getting all that action into just eight frames . . .

I am totally astounded at you! Vol 13 No 12 is a travesty of all the English language stands for. As an American, John Fergus Ryan may be incapable of handling our language with

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I got one who was engaged, two were on holiday and one had just moved. The fourth one was very nice, but totally unattractive – I couldn't think about her in a sexual way at all. And the last one was very very sexy, but a complete bitch.

Quest: What happened with her?

Leader: We went to bed once, but hardly under ideal conditions. In fact she lived with someone and it was obviously a very stormy relationship. I think she just wanted some complete outsider she could use to make her real boyfriend jealous. She was always on the point of leaving 'that pig'; he was always going to leave at the end of the month, but something always postponed it. If she hadn't been so sexy I'd have given up, but she had a way of promising everything. We snogged quite a bit in the road outside her flat – I only went up once, and that was when we actually got down to it. But after an hour or so the phone rang and it was the boyfriend coming back so I got bundled out. I didn't bother to call her again. And then there was Sarah.

Quest: Out of the blue?

Leader: Completely. She was a secretary at the college – I might have seen her distantly a few times but she'd only registered vaguely. Then there was some administrative problem she had to sort out with me and we got talking and talked and talked. My luck had changed abruptly; it was astonishing. After an hour or so it suddenly occurred to me that I really fancied her and, better than that, she seemed to fancy me. So we went out to dinner and snogged afterwards – she shared a flat so it was a bit awkward. And the next time I took her home to my place and she stayed the night. It was only then she told me she'd fancied me for months but couldn't think how to get in touch – it was ridiculous. Then everything started to happen. The night after Sarah had stayed the computer dating lady rang me and insisted on coming round – this time loverboy really had gone.

Quest: Did you let her visit?

Leader: Actually, yes; that was a bit naughty. She started by saying we could start properly now, really getting to know each other, and we snogged. But when I tried to pull her into bed she said she wasn't quite ready yet. So I told her about Sarah and suddenly we were at it. I feel a bit bad about that because I only wanted to screw her. But we never called each other again after that evening, so she must have realised what I really felt. And then the gorgeous lady at the film society suddenly found me terribly interesting, but things just seemed to be getting too complicated by then, so I didn't take much notice.

Quest: You had experienced this before?

Leader: At college, yes. There was a period then, just before my second year exams, when I let work get on top of me and everyone I knew seemed to be getting into relationships.

Quest: How did you try to change your bad luck?

Leader: I went to quite a few parties and usually ended up getting sloshed. I had that awful feeling that friends who already had girlfriends were being nice to me – which is dreadful. One friend's girlfriend I particularly fancied invited me to a party in the flat she shared once; I thought for one wild moment she was making a play for me but it turned out my male friend had forgotten to get in touch. The girl's name was Cynthia and she was as upper class as that sounded; very attractive facially with long very fine blonde hair – beautiful rather than sexy, but I liked her. She introduced me to two twins; I think they were nurses – they were both dark and bosomy, very giggly – one very quiet, the other much bubblier. I really thought I'd made an impression on the bubbly one; she seemed enormously friendly. We went into a bedroom on some stupid excuse – to look at a view, I think – and I pounced. At first we seemed to be snogging quite happily, then we tumbled onto the coats on the bed and I started pawing at her breasts – both twins were short but they were well endowed there. That was still alright, until I started to unbutton her dress. She began to thresh about and laugh and I thought she was just playing hard to get. But then the bedroom door opened and her sister turned the light on and she was up and away like a shot. After that they virtually ignored me, so I thought my luck had failed again.

Quest: How long did your bad luck last?

Leader: It seemed like years but it was probably only a couple of months. I ploughed back into my work again. Then the exams were over and some friends and I decided to go on a marathon pub crawl. The idea was we'd pick up some women and have a gigantic orgy – which was the usual baloney as far as I was concerned. I think I'd inwardly decided to become a monk. We had a lot to drink – frankly I don't know how many pubs we went too. But we ended up at a local disco. This was definite slumming – town and college did not mix.

Quest: You mean you weren't taking it seriously?

Leader: Absolutely right. I was very, very drunk and all I wanted to do was to find really what would be an extremely available scrubber and screw her stupid.

Quest: Did you?

Leader: I think I actually asked one girl: all I can remember is my friends laughing themselves silly and this woman swearing at me and dancing off. We were lucky not to be thrown out. Then everyone decided to go and I found myself sitting at the bar – it wasn't a particularly conscious decision – I don't think I could have moved for a few minutes at least. And that's when I saw Tina. She was quite short but slim with long dark hair and marvellous legs – I think that's what I first noticed. Then she turned round and I saw she wasn't pretty-pretty in the way that say Cynthia was, but striking; large eyes and full lips. Very sexy, I thought but mainly because of her manner; she had a very direct way of looking at people, which made her seem almost tarty. At the same time I thought she looked vulnerable. She was on her own though she seemed to be waiting for someone.

Quest: You sound as if you fell in love with her?

Leader: I suppose I did, or fell in lust. It was very odd. Because I first saw in that situation and because of what happened I always regarded her as an easy lay, even when it was patently obvious she wasn't. I think that's why we broke up finally.

Quest: What did happen?

Leader: I went and asked her to dance, which she didn't want to do. Normally I'd probably have given up but then I didn't. I started making silly remarks and she began to laugh and I ended up buying her a drink. She told me then she'd been waiting for a girlfriend who hadn't come back from a dance. She was a secretary who'd only recently moved to the town with her parents. That surprised me because she seemed so independent. Then I told her I was a student and suddenly she was a lot more interested. By then the disco was near to closing so I offered to walk her home – her friend tripped past with some fellow's arm around her and giggled goodnight. Anyway we talked quite deeply on the way home – she was very intelligent but for some reason she just hadn't followed it up academically; and I began to realise my luck was in.

Quest: In what way?

Leader: I wanted her but her very direct manner put me off, but as we walked she started to brush against me, obviously wanting us to hold hands. At first I ignored this – out of a kind of half-drunk perverseness – then I grabbed her very tightly round the middle and she made some remark about it but she didn't stop me. And that decided me. I was going to have her, and I *knew* she wouldn't object. We got to her house, which was dark, and went down a side passage to the back – apparently her parents liked to bolt the front – and stopped outside the back door. She asked if I'd like coffee so I said, 'I'd prefer this' and grabbed her. And it all began to happen. It was totally outrageous – I've never done anything like it since.

Quest: What did you do?

Leader: For a start we both kissed very passionately; I really hadn't expected her to be turned so immediately. From there it was easy to fondle her breasts. I started to unclip the top of the dress.

Quest: Where were you then?

Leader: Leaning against the back wall. But she seemed to wake up when she realised what I was doing and pulled away – she was saying, 'No, we mustn't', not very decisively. So we kissed again and this time I slipped my hand into the top of her dress and the clip came undone and I felt how stiff her nipples were. By now she was moaning and pushing her hips against my erection. Then her hand brushed against my flies and she pulled away again. She was saying, 'No, we must stop, we must,' but her dress was over her shoulders now and one boob was hanging out and she made no attempt to cover herself. So I simply pulled her to me again and said, 'Don't be silly, don't be silly,' and began to lick her nipples while my hands reached down to her bottom and slowly lifted her dress and found the top of her panties and eased inside. She was panting like a mad thing and whispering, 'Oh my God, I've never done this before; this is so disgusting, this is so incredible. . . .' And slowly I drew her panties down; they were really damp and her arms were round my neck and she was kissing my face and her whole body was trembling. She was saying, 'Oh not against the wall – oh my God – I don't believe it – I don't believe it – ' And she was stepping out of her panties as I unbuckled my trousers. Then I brought my prick up between her legs into her muff and she was shaking like a leaf, her eyes tight shut, then I found her crack and grabbed under her thighs and launched myself forward and I was buried. If she'd been any larger or taller it would have been impossible. She was leaning back against the wall with her whole weight on my arms and, though it felt incredible, I knew I couldn't last for more than a few seconds. So I began to hump fiercely and she was gulping and gasping and crying out then biting her lip and I came in one great gush and she gave a tiny, high pitched squeal and dropped her head on my shoulder and somehow we both dropped to the ground.

Quest: What happened afterwards?

Leader: I kissed her goodnight and left, feeling about twenty feet tall. Two days later I met the quiet nurse from Cynthia's party in the street and she more or less apologised for her sister's behaviour in the bedroom and virtually asked me out.

Quest: Did you go?

Leader: And screwed her in a room next to her sister, but only the once – it just wasn't the same as with Tina. So I got in touch with her again and we took off from there. But the same week as I saw Tina again Cynthia rang me up and asked me to a dinner party at her flat. I thought my friend – her boyfriend – would be there, but he wasn't. And while Cynthia was out the room I learned from her flatmates that she and my friend had just broken up, which made me an obvious successor.

Quest: Did you take her up?

Leader: Tina was all I could handle. But it was the same pattern again, and I've never quite explained it to myself.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Clerk, 23 years old, single, town of origin Plymouth**

This interviewee left school at sixteen and then took a business studies course at college before joining his present employers for whom he now works as a senior accounts clerk. He shares a flat with a male colleague.

Quest: What is the male/female ratio of your colleagues at work?

Clerk: In my department I suppose there's quite a distinct female bias. I don't for a moment think that women's libbers will approve but the girls – there are about ten of them employed on a full-time basis while others work part-time – take care of the more mundane day-to-day stuff while myself and two other guys are sort of in charge. There is a Head of Department of course, but he liaises between his own and other departments. He tends to leave the running of things to myself, Jerry and Tim.

Quest: What sort of relationship do the three of you enjoy with the girls?

Clerk: Quite good. Jerry's the most senior and he's married and Tim's engaged, so I'm the only one that's free, so to speak.

Quest: Have you ever mixed socially with the girls?

Clerk: Not really. Not for any snobbish reasons or anything like that, but to begin with they didn't want to know that much. Sure you might sit at the same table occasionally in the canteen and of course there are the various company functions throughout the year, but we tended to keep ourselves to ourselves which was a shame as some of them were, or *are* I should say, very fanciable.

Quest: Did you ever ask any of them out?

Clerk: Once. I needn't have bothered. It was a girl called Barbara. She's not there any more now, but she was the sort of office sex-pot when I first joined. Blonde, big boobs – the kind of archetypal office flirt. She seemed quite chummy when I joined and I really did fancy her. We sat together at lunch a couple of times and I was burning to ask her out. It took me a month to work up the courage but when I did, she made it very clear that she didn't got out with 'boys' as she termed it. I couldn't understand it because she'd seemed so friendly. Then Jerry put me in the picture. Took pity on me I guess. Apparently Barbara got a buzz out of flirting like mad, but when it came to actually delivering the goods, so to speak, she had this thing about older men. She liked them, I mean. It really annoyed me. Not the fact that she turned me down, but she told all the other girls. I could see them taking sly looks at me and giggling to themselves.

Quest: Did you have a girlfriend outside work?

Clerk: Nobody special. I wasn't exactly virgin-pure – college took care of that – but neither was I some great Lothario. I still saw one or two of the girls from college, but most of them were spoken for. I dated one or two girls that I met after leaving college but none of them came to very much.

Quest: So your social life was rather quiet?

Clerk: You could say that.

Quest: How did things change?

Clerk: The arrival of Paula made things happen in a big way.

Quest: Paula being who exactly?

Clerk: A new girl at work. She came about eighteen months ago to join the other girls. The first time I saw her I thought she looked absolutely smashing. It wasn't love at first sight or anything, but I really was very strongly attracted to her. She was head-and-shoulders above all the other girls and the nice thing was that although she must have known how attractive she was, she didn't have any of this 'look at me I'm pretty' type of attitude that so many girls seem to have.

Quest: Was your attraction strong enough for you to make it known to her?

Clerk: Well I was a bit more worldly-wise by this time, so I didn't go rushing in like a dope. In the beginning I was far too cool because I treated her just like I did all the other girls – namely friendly but with a bit of reserve. Then I thought that was a fat lot of good because it didn't give her any clue at all how I felt about her. So I got a bit friendlier, well to be honest *much* friendlier, and kept my fingers crossed that it would work.

Quest: What sort of approach did 'much friendlier' involve?

Clerk: Well I made a point of getting into contact with her whenever I had the opportunity. I wanted to make it very clear to her that I did fancy her. I'd chat to her during lunch and coffee breaks, not coming on too strong, but not just idle chit-chat either. I found out that she didn't have a boyfriend at that time and still lived with her parents. She was very easy to talk to and we seemed to get on well, so in the end I casually asked her out one night.

Quest: She accepted your invitation?

Clerk: Yes. I knew she would. I don't want to sound big-headed or anything, but I think if she hadn't been interested, she'd have made it clear long before I got around to asking her out.

Quest: What happened on your date?

Clerk: It was really nice. I took her to a film and then we had supper at this little bistro in town that isn't that expensive. She was great to be with.

Quest: Did you make any advances towards her?

Clerk: In the end, yes. I was prepared not to be that pushy, but I didn't have to be, as it turned out. It all worked so smoothly, like you always hope it will but only occasionally experience.

Quest: How do you mean exactly?

Clerk: Well we saw a film and had a meal as I said. After that I drove her home. I pulled up outside her house expecting perhaps a peck on the cheek but she asked me if I'd like to come in for a coffee. I wondered whether her parents would raise an objection, but apparently they were very tolerant of her comings and goings. I suppose it must have been about eleven and as I could only see one light showing in an upstairs window, I presumed they'd gone to bed. When we got in, Paula called out that she was home and had brought a friend in for a coffee and then she took me into the kitchen at the back. She made the coffee and we sat talking. When I'd finished, there obviously wasn't much point in hanging about, so I got up to leave. I couldn't just lamely walk out, so I thanked her for her company and kissed her.

Quest: Just a friendly peck?

Clerk: Well yes, I suppose so. But she responded much more ardently. She said something like she'd been waiting all evening for me to do that and she pressed herself against me, giving me this long, slow kiss. We necked for a while in the kitchen and I was torn between wanting to take things further in some way, but realising that was probably impossible under the circumstances. In the end I said something about having to go, and went out into the hall, but Paula had this wicked grin on her face and while putting her finger up to her lips for me to be quiet pulled me into the sitting room, softly closing the door behind us. We sat down on a sofa and carried on where we'd left off in the kitchen. I had my and recognised – except when it comes to getting your bone away. It must have been a year after Kath left that I managed to get it.

Quest: Were there any women around you during this time?

Painter: Not really, only friends of friends so to speak. You might be introduced to someone at the pub but – I don't know, maybe it was gloomy old me – nothing ever happened.

Quest: Until . . .

Painter: Until I joined that photography class.

Quest: Your luck changed.

Painter: I reckon it's *all* down to luck – I play a bit of poker and when your luck's in you can't do anything wrong but when it's against you you might as well give up. It took its time mind you, but it was the start of a marked change in my fortunes.

Quest: Tell me about this change.

Painter: Kath and I went on a holiday to Majorca a few years back and I managed to buy this Nikon camera duty free. Cost me over £200 with all the lenses. Never really used it until one day a pamphlet from the local council about the adult education classes came through the letterbox. I always fancied being able to take nice pictures – who knows maybe even becoming a latter day Cecil Beaton, you know, like the chap in the ad on telly taking wedding pictures. I thought it might bring in a little money, so I decided to enrol and see how things went.

Quest: And they went well obviously.

Painter: Yes, you could say that. I suppose there must have been about 15 or so in the class and most of them were women. There were a couple of guys but most of the girls seemed to be in pairs – friends I suppose. The lessons were all pretty basic stuff, but there were a couple of nice-looking birds in the class to keep your mind wandering.

Quest: And was it one of these girls you went to bed with?

Painter: I think it was on the second or third day – there is a break for quarter of an hour between the two lessons when everyone goes and has a cuppa or a natter. I was sitting at a table in the cafeteria when one of these birds came and sat next to me. We just started to natter, about the class mainly. And afterwards it was raining and I'd driven so I offered to run her and her friend home. She was quite short, very slim but with a lovely rounded bum which she showed off to great advantage by wearing very tight trousers. And she had a nice pair of tits on her too – well, at that stage I had only deduced that.

Quest: And what happened?

Painter: I've only got an old Escort van so we had to sit pretty close together and not having been even *that* close to a woman for ages I got carried away by feeling her there and gently sniffing her perfume.

Quest: You mean you developed an erection?

Painter: A mighty hard-on. I wanted her – anyone to touch it, to make me come, but obviously that would only happen in *your* Letters column. No, I just had to suffer it in silence. Well we did chatter a bit. Nothing happened for a few weeks, but I did talk to her a lot at the classes and found out a bit about her. She was single but her friend, who in fact was prettier, was married. After a few weeks I managed to pluck up enough courage to ask her out and she accepted.

Quest: Where did you go?

Painter: I took her out to this little restaurant in Streatham and we had a bit of a giggle and the evening went the way they usually do, so I keep being told.

Quest: You had her back to your place?

Painter: No, she lived by herself and after we'd had a bit of a cuddle in the car she said that I could come in for a drink if I wanted.

Quest: Had you touched her?

Painter: We had kissed and I had put my hands inside her bra. It was a tremendous feeling to touch a woman so intimately again. I had great worries that I might not be able to control myself and that I would come in my pants.

Quest: But you made it inside alright?

Painter: Yes, and after the coffee we settled on the settee for a good old snog. The blood was pounding through me and I must have been as red as a beetroot: I could feel myself building up. I managed to get her blouse undone and lift up her bra and the sight of those beautiful breasts just hanging there – the nipples all goose-bumpy and erect – was just so tremendous. I just had to get her to feel me. You know, I think that actually working up to get a bird to touch your cock is the hardest step – I mean if you are too abrupt about it you could turn her off completely couldn't you?

Quest: And you had sex?

Painter: I wormed my way inside her knickers and started playing with her nobbly bits, causing her to gasp for breath. I just had to take her hand and place it over my bulge.

Quest: Did she take the hint?

Painter: She started rubbing me through my trousers and in the end I had to motion her, almost coax her to bring me out, but when she did she knew what to do with it. I came over her and we just lay there snuggling for a while until I started to get hard again and I entered her and started to hump.

Quest: And you had sex with her on other occasions?

Painter: Casually afterwards. We saw each other quite regularly but it was at that point when things started to change.

Quest: You mean that from going without sex for a fair time you now had it offered freely?

Painter: After getting it with Sue . . .

Quest: That was the girl you were just telling me about?

Painter: Yes, sorry, didn't I mention her name? Sorry. But as I was saying, Sue and I and her married friend sometimes went to the pub for a quick half before closing time after the classes and over a few weeks I began to get the hots for Sue's married friend – Pam. The trouble was that I didn't want to get involved really in someone else's marital problems. Her husband, so it happened was away from home quite often – Sue said that she thought he was off on dirty weekends banging his secretary, but that's by the by. One week Sue came to the class by herself and when I asked about Pam she said that she was having a bit of agro at home. She had a toddler and with all that to cope with she was feeling quite down, so Sue asked if we could pop in on her on the way back to her flat. I guess she wanted someone to talk to.

Quest: About her personal problems?

Painter: She was quite frank really. She told us that her husband had gone off sex since the baby came along. You know how you feel in situations like that it's terribly embarrassing. Then quite by chance I met her in the street one day, only a week or two later and we went for a drink. And she started coming on really strong, talking about sex – to me. She seemed quite depressed so I was trying to cheer her up. In the end she finished her glass and said 'Shall we go?'

Quest: Together?

Painter: As we got up to leave she said that I could see her home if I wanted.

Quest: And did you want to?

Painter: I wanted to, but I just couldn't – getting mixed up in things like that just isn't my cup of tea. I drove her back to her place – it was only a few hundred yards actually and made my excuses. The thing was that I knew I *could* have had her.

Quest: Judging from our preliminary chat it's then that you met Bernadette.

Painter: It all sounds so incredible I bet no one believes me, but it's true. I was going home this Christmas just gone to see my parents down in Brighton and was travelling by train. It was during all that chaos after that Brighton train crash and my train was crammed full. I had to stand up outside a first class compartment. I noticed that there was a little yummie sitting in one of the seats in the compartment and I gave her a quick look over and our eyes met. I turned away to stare out the window but about five minutes later this cracker comes out and asks me for a light. I think she was a bit pissed as she said that I was the best looking guy on the train – just like that. We chatted and in the end we swapped addresses.

Quest: Did you see her again?

Painter: Yes. I gave her a call after Christmas and we went out.

Quest: And what happened?

Painter: She is a very sexy lady and has the most incredible nipples I've ever seen. They must stand out an inch and a half and they are so very tender. I only have to lick them and she goes all funny and wants me to plough straight into her. And she enjoys doing the more exotic things like taking me in her mouth.

Quest: Any reason you can see for this turnabout in your fortunes?

Painter: Not really. I haven't grown another foot overnight. I just believe that when you're on a high you stay there and can't do any wrong. I'm only waiting now for the low to come my way. It's got to happen. One day you're up, the other you're down – if you follow.

Quest: Thank you very much.

hand inside her dress and was playing with her boobs. Because they were quite small, I imagine, she wasn't wearing a bra and I got her nipples really hard. To begin with I was a bit worried that her parents might come down, but then as I got more and more involved, I stopped fretting and began to enjoy myself. I wondered how far she'd let me go, so I began easing my hand up her leg. It was summer and Paula was wearing this long cotton dress with no tights underneath. Just a pair of panties. She made no move to stop me, so I just carried on until I was actually touching the outside of her crack. It felt very warm and moist, even outside her panties. I slipped a finger inside and she began moaning 'Do me, Phil. Do it to me.' I didn't give a damn for her parents at that stage. I hoisted up her dress around her waist and pulled her panties down. Then I just dropped my trousers. We did it on the floor. It was crazy. I got nylon burns on my knees from the friction. She felt so good inside. All tight and hot. She was giving these little gasps each time I pushed it in up to the hilt and then she started to buck under me like a wild thing. That made me go faster too and brought on my orgasm which in turn triggered hers. I wish I could have stayed there the night, but of course that was out of the question, so we had another coffee and necked some more and then I reluctantly set off home.

Quest: What were things like between you and her at work the following day?

Clerk: Well we kept grinning at each other. It was just too obvious, I suppose because we both started getting some odd looks from some of the other girls. Jerry and Tim were oblivious to the whole thing, but I could see a couple of the girls asking Paula what it was all about. At lunchtime I asked her if she'd told them anything and she said she had. I got a bit angry but she said she had nothing to feel ashamed about. I told her I didn't want my private affairs being broadcast around the office and it all got a bit heated with her stalking off in the end. I sat there quietly fuming to myself when Jane, one of the other girls in the department, came over and asked what the trouble was. I told her it was just a private tiff between myself and Paula and then she came out with the most amazing statement.

Quest: What was that?

Clerk: Well she said that Paula had told everyone about the previous night and that if I was as good as had been made out, I was welcome to go round her place one night. I could hardly believe my ears. It wasn't quite as baldly put as that, but that was the general drift.

Quest: Did you take her up on the offer?

Clerk: Well yes. I mean I could hardly believe my luck. You know, going through a thin time and then practically finding women queueing up for you. Jane shares a place with two other girls and I stayed the night. Not with all of them, I hasten to add. They've got two bedrooms, and one of them is what they call the 'nookie room'. They use it when they want a bit of privacy. Heaven knows what happens when more than one girl wants to bring her boyfriend back for the night.

Quest: What happened with Jane?

Clerk: It was like being in a dream. It was all so easy. All she wanted was casual sex. I mean I don't want you to think I'm promiscuous or anything, but I couldn't turn it down, could I? It was just too good to be true. Two different girls in the space of a week after only getting it sporadically since leaving college. I went round with a bottle of wine and we both got quite loosened up with it and started messing around. Jane's, well, a bit tubby I guess you'd call her. Not fat, just sort of lush. I was terrifically eager. We went into the single bedroom and lay down on the bed. She had on jeans and a jumper. I started playing with her boobs and they felt so different to Paula's. She slipped out of the jumper and let me unclip her bra and the sight of her bare boobs almost made me come on the spot. Lovely heavy tits with tiny nipples. I began to squeeze and suck them and in the meantime she'd got my fly open and her hand inside playing with me. I felt her mouth close over my knob and her tongue running up and down the shaft. It was great. I twisted over and managed to get her jeans off. She didn't have anything underneath. She was very hairy down below. It hid her slit completely. We played with each other until we were practically at boiling point and then I put it in her. She gave this little scream of surprise and then began moving like a well-oiled machine. I guessed she was much more experienced than Paula because she seemed to sense each time I was about to come and eased off. She brought me to the brink at least three times and got me so horny that in the end I was just ramming it in and out of her as fast as I could and when I came it nearly took the top of my head off. We were both drenched in sweat and panting like we'd just run a marathon.

Quest: Did your luck continue to improve?

Clerk: Well yes and no. I got some very saucy looks at the office for weeks after, but no more invitations, though I got the feeling that if I'd asked, a couple wouldn't have said no. I went out with both Paula and Jane for a while and regularly had sex with both of them but then Paula got engaged to some guy and Jane left a few months later, so I was back to square one again. It had gone on for about ten months, so I don't think I could complain.

Quest: Many thanks.

Three **Painter, 34 years old, town of origin Brighton**

This – male – interviewee married when he was 20 but after his wife's desertion when he was 27 he had lived alone. There were no children. He had a small flat in London and was self-employed.

Quest: I gather you had a pretty lean time with women after your marriage failed?

Painter: That's an *under*statement if anything. I mean I've never been a ladies man – never played around – but I did have regular girlfriends before I met Kathy, so I always thought of myself as pretty normal.

Quest: How long did you go without sex?

Painter: I'm almost ashamed to admit it. I mean in everything else failure is accepted

QUEST

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